

JUNE 5, 1943

AMERICA

PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 4 1943
DETROIT

PAROLE, POLITICS AND PRISONER REFORM

Frederick A. Moran

LABOR'S DIVIDED HOUSE

Benjamin L. Masse

THIS IS AMERICA

Yoichi Matsuda

JOSEPHITE JUBILEE

John LaFarge

COMPOSERS IGNORE AUDIENCES

Victoria Wood

EDITORIALS:

**END OF AN
INTERNATIONAL**

**POLL-TAX
PREJUDICE**

**TVA—
A PATTERN**

**INSULT TO AN
ARCHBISHOP**

**RETURN OF
THE NISEI**

**THE HIGHER
EGOISM**

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXIX

15 CENTS

NUMBER 9

NOW THAT IT'S JUNE

Perhaps it is time for you to reconsider the virtues and the values of the reformed, remade,

THE CATHOLIC MIND

It is possible that you—a reader of AMERICA—do not know that *THE CATHOLIC MIND* is:

UNIQUE among Catholic publications, has a field all of its own; for it alone publishes important public documents, special speeches and sermons, statements by Catholic leaders from everywhere.

LASTING in its selections. The material published is chosen for its permanence, is good this year, good a decade hence.

INSPIRING for the thinker. New ideas spark out from every contribution.

SOUND in its doctrine, always true to its name—THE CATHOLIC MIND.

INTERESTING, really, though it may sound on the heavyish type. Variety and keenness of viewpoints keep it alert.

USEFUL, if you want to know what to talk about, in a speech, sermon, talk, public as well as private.

ATTRACTIVE, to and for the eye, with colored cover, clear type, good paper, an artistic format.

If you still doubt that *THE CATHOLIC MIND* is not worth a subscription, send for a sample copy, and judge for yourself.

Otherwise, join *THE CATHOLIC MIND* readers forthwith, by sending in your subscription—two dollars for the next twelve months.

THE CATHOLIC MIND

70 East 45th Street • New York 17, N. Y.

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. *Executive Editor:* JOHN LAFARGE.
Associate Editors: HAROLD C. GARDINER, J. GERARD MEARS,
BENJAMIN L. MASSE, W. EUGENE SHIELDS, CHARLES KEENAN.

Contributing Editors:

WILFRID PARSONS, WILLIAM A. DONAGHY.

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 25.
President, America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. *Treas.:* DANIEL M. O'CONNELL.

Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.
AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., 70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y., June 5, 1943, Vol. LXIX, No. 9, Whole No. 1751. Telephone MUrray Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 15 cents a copy; yearly \$4.50; Canada, \$5.50; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.00; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 5, 1943

THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	225
Underscorings	227
The Nation at War.....Col. Conrad H. Lanza	228
Washington Front.....Wilfrid Parsons	228

ARTICLES

Parole Is Not a Racket, But a Road to Reform.....Frederick A. Moran	229
Nisei and Issei Find That This Is America	Yoichi Matsuda 232
Labor Must Unite Its Divided House.....Benjamin L. Masse	234
Josephite Jubilee of Work for Negro.....John LaFarge	236

EDITORIALS

End of an International . . . Poll-Tax Prejudice	238
. . . TVA—A Pattern . . . Insult to an Archbishop	
. . . Return of the Nisei . . . The Higher Egoism.	

LITERATURE AND ARTS.....

Composers Ignore Music-Lovers	Victoria Wood 241
Can They Film It?.....H. C. G.	

BOOKSREVIEWED BY

The Wind That Swept Mexico...Wilfrid Parsons	243
The God of the Machine....Robert C. Hartnett	
Lincoln and the Patronage.....F. J. Gallagher	

ART..... THEATRE FILMS

CORRESPONDENCE PARADE 252

WHO'S WHO

FREDERICK A. MORAN, as Chairman of the Board of Parole for the State of New York, is exceptionally qualified to inject light into the tangle of uninformed and heated argument for and against parole. In his article he reveals the many-angled complexity of the question, resulting from human fallibility, lack of uniform laws, legal procedures and political conditions. . . . YOICHI MATSUDA is a Japanese-born American, who came to this country at the age of ten. Three of his twenty-three years here were spent in studying journalism at the University of Washington, and he admits to having "written reams and reams of short stories and articles, only to have them returned to me with a rejection slip." His confession of faith in America, readers will agree, rates a check instead of a reject. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE, well known to AMERICA readers as a champion of labor and collective bargaining, is concerned about the present slump in union popularity with the public, and proceeds to analyze the causes. . . . On the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, JOHN LAFARGE, Executive Editor of AMERICA, reviews the inspiring, and often heart-breaking struggles of the Josephite Society—founded in England by Cardinal Vaughan—to further the establishment of Christian justice and education for the emancipated Negroes of the United States. . . . VICTORIA WOOD, loosing a thunderbolt at symphonic composers who torture our ears and brains, speaks from a wide musical experience; she has studied piano, voice, the theory of harmony and composition. Her college degrees are from Adelphi and the University of North Carolina. . . . H. C. G., AMERICA's Literary Editor, puts on the prophet's robe about the film of *Bernadette*, which, he feels, will be one of Hollywood's severest tests.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Dress Rehearsal. The progress of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act through the Congress has become a dress rehearsal of the future struggle over the peace settlement. Rightly or wrongly, Secretary of State Hull made the extension of this Act the test of the nation's sincerity respecting post-war international commitments, and the economic nationalists and political isolationists in Congress have accepted his challenge. The House voted to extend the Act for two years, but only after the Administration, by mustering its full strength, had beaten off several crippling amendments. Now a similar fight is in progress in the Senate. Senator Danaher, of Connecticut, has persuaded the Finance Committee to report out an amendment which neatly and effectively destroys the whole legislation. Under its terms, the Congress, by joint resolution, is empowered to terminate any agreement with a foreign country six months after the President has proclaimed the end of the war. Obviously, if this amendment should pass, it would have the effect of warning the world not to take too seriously our wartime moves to implement the economic provisions of the Atlantic Charter. It would tell our Allies that we may decide, once the victory has been won, to return to the prohibitive rates of the Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act, and let the rest of the world worry along as best it can. The Danaher amendment will probably be beaten, but it is disquieting to realize that so many of our legislators have not yet learned the bitter lessons of the past two decades.

Freedom from Hunger. The United Nations Food Conference at Hot Springs is making a humane and realistic approach to their problems, by taking the attitude that no one should be in want in one part of the world while there is a surplus in another. Richard K. Law, speaking for the British delegation, pointed out the very unsatisfactory condition of food production in the interval between the two world wars. Huge and unmanageable surpluses piled up in various countries; which resulted in a restriction of production. International trade, hampered by conflicting national economies, was a very imperfect instrument for serving human needs. Coffee was burned in Brazil, wheat in Washington, crops rotted in the ground and on the trees; and yet men starved. While we look to the Conference to work towards an international economy based on real needs, it may not be unprofitable to look homeward for a moment. Our own farming scene is far from pleasing. The gearing of the nation's farms to war production has been very imperfectly done. Small farmers by the hundreds are being driven out of existence by priorities and Selective Service. With millions of acres of arable land not in production, we must yet tight-

en our belts on rations. Cotton not needed for the war effort is subsidized, keeping broad tracts of the South idle, so far as winning the war is concerned. While accepting the idea of production according to need for the world at large, we should apply it at home. And *the* need of today is to win the war.

Rampant Waters. On a pleasant evening last week a dining-car meeting aroused a most interesting discussion. A railroad tower-man of Long Island, returning from a vacation in Far Western parts (how far west may be guessed), inquired of his chance companion: "Why do those people stay in those flood-ridden countrysides? Why don't they move away from Vincennes, and St. Louis, and Little Rock?" And he continued: "I've never been able to see why people don't move away from that California earthquake line." Then, touched by a gracious compunction, he volunteered: "Perhaps they think we should have moved after our big wind and wave of a few years back." The truth is that home means to Americans much more than material place and earnings. Natural phenomena may bring great danger, of tornado, sou'easter or forest-fire, earth shakes or water damage, but all these cannot take away our love of our native countryside, tied as we are with "family and all that." Every rain somewhere has its rainbow, and hope and love of home never die in the human heart. And we stay on amid all temporary super-abundances of Nature, to carry on tomorrow what we were about on the day before yesterday, to blast into unreality all the theory about economic determination and blind force. Rampant waters steel the soul in fortitude.

Real Internationalism. Plotting the trends of history often results in a great deal of nebulosity, but perhaps we may venture the wide suggestion that the now defunct (we are promised) Comintern did, after all, serve one good purpose. Divine Providence may have used it as a means to waken minds to the reality of internationalism. At least, millions of people, untouched by the Christian concept of interest in neighbor-nations, learned through Communism ideas of the fellowship of men that were, indeed, false and distorted, but which had a modicum of truth in them. With the Soviet brand of internationalism now in low gear, if not completely stalled, that modicum of truth is still there. It would be a shame to see it vanish altogether in the growing nationalism of Russia, which the disbanding of the Comintern seems to indicate. Rather must that latent desire for the common good of all nations, now for a time, at least, relieved of Moscow's domination, be brought under the influence of Communism's Christian prototype, the dynamics

of the Mystical Body. Whether Stalin's conversion be lasting or not, the interim is a golden chance for Catholic social thinkers and workers to catch up this desire for the fellowship of the race, and direct it into the channels of true internationalism, which can work only under God, not under Marx.

No Four Freedoms? The reason why one embarks on a course of action need not necessarily be the sole reason for continuing in it. Senator Robert A. Taft seems to have overlooked this simple truth, when he leveled a thunderous broadside recently against the belief that we are fighting for the Four Freedoms. Undoubtedly, we did not go to war for the sole purpose of establishing the Four Freedoms; we went to war first and foremost to save ourselves, as all the United Nations did. But, being in the war, we are actually fighting for the famous Four. On the other hand, it is true to say, and needs to be said, that we are not fighting to *establish* the Four Freedoms in all lands. Both the Pope's Five Points and the Atlantic Charter provide that all nations must be free to choose the form of government they want. Suppose Germany or France or Greece, or any other, decides by popular vote that it wants a semi-dictatorial form? Are we to forbid them? Are we to impose the Freedoms? To put the problem in that form is to grab the stick by the wrong end. What we are fighting for is the right of all nations to be free to adopt the Four Freedoms if they will, and not have the Nazi freedomless New Order forced upon them. That we are not a little embarrassed by having allies who are not whole-heartedly for the Four Freedoms need not reflect on our purity of intention. Mr. Taft's thinking, which we hope is not shared by many, obscures our real war aim—to give the Four Freedoms a chance to operate all over the world. If we are not fighting for that, we are indeed beating the air.

Code Commemoration. Some time ago we had occasion to remonstrate with a group of savants who had embarked on the presumptuous business of selecting the world's most influential books. Our point was that there is a little book, given to the world in its present form twenty-five years ago, which has tremendous influence on the daily lives of some 300,000,000 people. It is the revised Code of Canon Law, promulgated on May 27, 1917, and going into effect May 19, 1918, by Pope Benedict XV. Does it really affect Catholic daily lives? Well, it touches your reading, your eating, your birth and marriage, the education of your children, your praying, your dying. All in the space of one volume, the whole of life is summed up and oriented Christward. It is, as the late Chief Justice William Howard Taft remarked, a most marvelous piece of codification. Humanly speaking, it is that; more than that, it is the Church in blueprint, and pregnant with the same spirit, the restoring of all men to Christ. On this twenty-fifth anniversary, we can but hope that something of the same spirit and the same wisdom will guide those who have the heavy responsibility of planning the future of the world.

Pagan Hollywood. Fruitlessly, the woman sought a home in Hollywood. She argued with house owners and appealed to apartment operators, but their answer was always the same. It was the answer a landlord gave once upon a time to a homeless couple who sought a place where the Child might be born: "There was no room for them in the inn." The woman who vainly walked Hollywood's pavements was not destitute. She was not a leper or the victim of some other hideous disease. No scandal sullied her noble name. But she did have a child—a three-year-old son—and it was the child she loved who slammed the doors in her face and hardened the hearts of Hollywood landlords. According to the cold, objective Associated Press dispatch: "In her search for accommodations, she had constantly been forestalled by 'No Children' signs." But this tale of a homeless mother in the glittering movie capital of the world had a happier ending, to speak in our human way, than that other story of a Lady whose Child was born in a stable and laid in a manger crib. An aroused press thundered the city's disgrace; it shamed the landlords of Hollywood. And so now the widow of the valiant man who bombed the *Haruna* has a home, and her little son is with her. The man's name was Colin Kelly.

Halifax on Prayer. Never did people need prayer more than at the present time, said Lord Halifax, British Ambassador to the United States, in his address on May 29, yet "in their hour of greatest need they have lost that which was indeed their birthright—the knowledge of how to pray." As one of the world's "greatest tragedies," he remarked:

This is the unconscious hunger and thirst of millions which they could be totally incapable of putting into words, but which they passionately need. Or, if they could give words to their hunger, as Mr. Alfred Noyes has reminded us, they might indeed say with the women at the Sepulchre: "They have taken away our Lord . . . and we know not where they have laid Him." If man's awareness of his own insufficiency were thus made articulate, he would understand that his real need was a knowledge how to open his heart to God in prayer.

Lord Halifax' words were addressed to Laval University, Quebec, on the occasion of his receiving an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Coupled with his tribute to prayer was a plea for religious education:

In the domestic field of a country which wishes to keep its civilization Christian, there is no more urgent task in these days than to restore Christian education to the place it ought never to have lost. Another voice in the rising chorus.

Hands or Cooks? We incline to the "many hands make light work" theory, over the "too many cooks spoil the broth" one, while we contemplate the fact that no fewer than 137 various agencies, Government or private, are now studying the problems of the coming peace. The Twentieth Century Fund reveals this fact, and comments that national efforts to prepare for the future "far exceed anything that was done in World War I." It has seemed to us that this war has from the start, despite its dark days, held out a higher hope for the future than did the struggle of a quarter-century ago. For one

thing, from the very outbreak of this war, there has been constant reference to a *just* peace. That did not receive such attention in the last war until very near the end of hostilities. And even when it did, there was little thought of planning ahead—hence we had the veterans selling apples on the streets. Some super-organizer may think that the 137 agencies ought to be welded; that they ought to get together and pool their brains and plans. We think it is good for them to keep on with their present work, studying, informing the country, so that every nook and corner of the nation may come to a realization that the peace and its aftermath must be a cooperative thing. There is only one thing we should like to see them pool their efforts on—that is on basing their study and plans on the noble Catholicism set forth in the Pope's Five Points. The Atlantic Charter echoes those Points; the agencies, Government or private, can do no better.

Teacher-Pupil Bond. Before education donned the greaves and helmet, this time of year used to be hectic with graduations. It still is, of course, to some extent, particularly in the women's colleges; so perhaps it falls pat to tell about an old Chinese custom. A distinguished Chinese Bishop told us recently that the relationship between teacher and pupil, in that land of gracious manners, constitutes a real family relationship; the teacher is considered and treated as an actual member of the family. That, to our way of thinking, is very lovely and true. It puts in concrete form what has always been the Catholic concept of the spiritual power and responsibilities of the teacher, who looks upon his pupils, not as so many units on the assembly line, but as his children. Catholic teachers know this; it would stimulate the work of Catholic education if all graduates would remember, too, that not only is the old school an *Alma Mater*, but the teachers *Almae Matres* or *Almi Patres*.

No Racism Here. That Hitlerian racism can have no place in American life is the sense of the Federal judiciary in dismissing a suit to revoke the voting rights of certain California Japanese. The complainant demanded that their names be struck from the register on the grounds that "dishonesty, deceit and hypocrisy are racial characteristics of the Japanese." The Federal District Court dismissed the case, and was upheld by the Circuit Court and the United States Supreme Court. American democracy is based on the "self-evident truths" of the Declaration of Independence—especially that all men are created equal. Hitler and the San Francisco complainant deny that. If you substitute "Jews" for "Japanese," the allegation placed before our Federal Courts might readily come from *Mein Kampf*. We wonder if the complainant has ever reflected on some of the ugly spots in our not too remote history, when the "master races" were flogging and lynching Jews, Negroes and Irish. He might well do so with profit; his name sounds like one from a minority group.

UNDERSCORINGS

VATICAN Radio broadcast to Russia a plea for the parental care and education of children, lest Socialism leave this duty entirely in the hands of the State.

► Vatican Information Office reports, through the N. C. W. C. *News Service*, that it is unable to obtain news of prisoners held in German and Russian prison camps, and is not permitted to establish communication with them.

► In reference to the pending bill for Federal Subsidies to Schools, the Administrative Board of Bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has stated its definite opposition to the bill. Writing to Senator Elbert Thomas (Utah), Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Johnson said:

The Catholic position is one of opposition to any measure for Federal aid to education that would: a) interfere with local control of the purposes and processes of education, and b) fail to make mandatory the inclusion of Catholic schools in its benefits.

► In Madison, Wisconsin, Acting Governor Walter S. Goodland signed a bill prohibiting discrimination against public-school teachers because of their religious or political beliefs.

► Beginning on Memorial Day, May 30, the regular broadcast of the Catholic Hour will, for six consecutive Sundays, feature speakers who are Army and Navy Chaplains.

► The crusade of prayer for victory, peace and the safety of members of the armed forces, called "Rosary a Day," goes forward in more than thirty dioceses. The founder, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Sullivan of Paso Robles, California, finds most interesting in the movement the fact that numbers of Catholic soldiers now promise and give the Rosary Card to their Protestant soldier friends.

► From the Holy Land comes word that King Feisal II of Iraq, on his recent visit, made a special trip to Bethlehem and while there paid homage to the Manger of our Saviour—called the Prophet Jesus in his Moslem religion.

► *Religious News Service* reports that the Hungarian Government, on the request of Justinian Cardinal Seredi, Primate of Hungary, has forbidden the circulation of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

► In Holland, the Catholic University of Nijmegen and the Catholic Trade University at Tilburg have closed down rather than continue under the restrictions connected with the Nazi "declarations of obedience" of students.

► José Vasconcelos, noted Mexican educator, former Minister of Public Education, later Rector of the National Autonomous University, has been reconciled to the Church (says NCWC), made a spiritual Retreat, and is frequently seen at the Communion rail.

► Listeners on the Sacred Heart Program, which now is heard on over one hundred stations every week, will be interested in the new pamphlet on Manuel Pardo written by Father Matthew Hale, S.J., New England Regional Director of the program.

THE NATION AT WAR

IN the week ending May 25, continuous fighting has occurred on Attu, the farthest west of the Aleutian Islands. American troops landed there on May 11. Few accounts have come from that distant place, but it seems two landings were made.

The first, on Holtz Bay, on the northeast side, seized some high ground about one-fourth mile inland; the second was across the island, seven miles to the south, at Massacre Bay. According to the Japs, the latter attack was initially repulsed with the loss of ten barges out of twenty-seven. A succeeding attack got ashore, and advanced three miles inland to a pass through the mountain.

The two American forces were now on opposite sides of the pass, about three miles from one another, with the Japs holding the pass in between. Heavy fighting went on daily until, on the 18th, the pass was taken. The Japs retreated over the mountains to the east end of the island, covering Attu village and Chichagof Harbor, which were their base. During the next week the Americans made some further gains against the main force of Japanese, splitting them into three pockets, of which one—the center—is now reduced. They are entrenched on two separated hill positions north and south of Chichagof Valley. The Valley and harbor are held by our forces. Our warships and planes are supporting the ground action.

Jap planes, presumably coming from the Kurile Islands, bombed the Americans on the 22nd and 23rd, causing but slight damage. Our own planes have done little, for Attu is habitually fog-bound, and only rarely can the ground be seen from the air. As this is written, it is reported that complete occupation of Attu by our troops is expected soon.

Japan is increasing her pressure on China. An all-Jap army has approached to within 180 miles of Chungking, which is much closer than Japanese ground troops have ever been to the capital city. However it is doubtful whether these Japs are headed for Chungking. They are in an important farm country, which normally exports food to other parts of China. The Japanese will capture or destroy this food to prevent the Chinese from having it, and at the same time destroy part of the remaining Chinese armies.

According to Chinese accounts, they are killing Japs at a high rate, at least 1,000 a day. The Japs state that they lost only seventy men in a week, as against 5,000 Chinese killed.

There has been no change in the situation in Russia. Both sides are preparing diligently for important operations later.

The Allied bombing of Europe grows in intensity. Larger bombs, and larger numbers of bombs, are being used than ever before. So far, bombings of cities has never caused a demand for peace. But as Mr. Churchill stated on May 19, previous bombings were on a smaller scale, and not a real precedent. The present method may work and, as he expressed it, there is no harm in trying. Present intentions are to step up the bombings.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WITH the President and Mr. Churchill closeted day after day until early morning hours, with the newspapers yapping loudly at the food conference down at Hot Springs, the chief preoccupation still remains the ancient question of money. Taxes and wages and prices, in spite of all the shouting, still are the principal job before Congress, and also, be it said, before the Administration, notwithstanding various attempts to shove the vexing problems into the background.

The fact is that government is just the opposite of business. Business rarely embarks on an enterprise without first counting up the cost and the income. Government, especially in wartime, usually starts the enterprise and awards the contracts, and then looks around for how to pay for it. At least, that is what we have done in this war. We went "all-out," that is, we set a high figure of production and went ahead regardless. Now we are counting the cost of the enterprise.

The system has had three disadvantages. First, most of the contracts were too high, resulting in voluntary refunds by many companies, or endless discussions about renegotiation. Then we raised the country's income high beyond the amount of commodities offered for sale by civilian producers. Finally, to an alarming extent, we went along mostly on borrowed money. The first may produce scandals, the second inflation, and the third a nightmare.

The scandals must wait until after the war. Inflation is an instant problem, and intimately involves the matters of wages and prices which, for the people at home, are the principal matter for reflection and agitation. The Government has never avowed it, but this observer has long had the suspicion that it has deliberately embarked on a policy of beating inflation by inflation, bad inflation by good inflation, uncontrolled inflation by controlled inflation. There is no doubt that one way to close the gap between the tremendous demand engendered by high income and the diminishing amount of goods offered for sale, with resulting high prices, is to let prices rise, for the high prices will automatically absorb the high income. The only question is one of control.

If my suggestion is correct—and there are many evidences of the Government's deliberately encouraging the rise of prices—then obviously the whole scheme will be blown into tatters by any further general rise of wages. This is what puts the Administration into direct conflict with organized labor. It explains the President's famous and ill-fated "hold-the-line" order. The War Labor Board itself found that impossible. It still remains to be seen whether a policy of rising prices and stabilized wages can hold. The chances are that it cannot.

As for the nightmare of taxes, that is Congress' nightmare. There are still many sober people who wonder privately how the fantastic national debt will be handled after the war. Congress is wondering, too, but rather hopelessly.

WILFRID PARSONS

PAROLE IS NOT A RACKET BUT A ROAD TO REFORM

FREDERICK A. MORAN

PAROLE, the conditional release of a convicted offender from a prison or reformatory, after he has served part of his sentence in a correctional institution, has been a controversial subject since its establishment in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. No other phase of correctional care has been so acrimoniously discussed. The critics of parole charge it with as many evils as issued from the mythical box of Pandora, while those who defend it fail too frequently to admit that administrative weaknesses do exist. The opponents of parole would like the public to believe that "parole graduates" are responsible for all the serious and spectacular crimes of violence. They charge that the "parole system" is politically dominated, and that parole boards are made up of venal politicians who are willing to endanger both the safety and security of law-abiding citizens by releasing, at the request of their political masters, unreformed and dangerous criminals. Criticisms are made that the "parole system" is inefficiently administered and under-financed. If all the charges made against parole could be substantiated, the parole laws on the statute books in most States should be repealed and the parole system abolished.

In attacking parole, its critics commit at least three fundamental errors. They speak of all criminals as murderers, gangsters and racketeers. No one will question that America has its quota of dangerous criminals. The greater number of offenders confined in the prisons and reformatories throughout the country, however, would not fall into this category. The second mistake of the critics is that they glibly refer to "the parole system," whereas no such thing as a general parole system actually exists in the United States. Even in one State, as many as five or six different parole systems may be in operation. Finally, parole is discussed, not as a definite part of a State system of correctional care, but as if the system itself and the parole boards functioned without the sanction of the laws which have been enacted by the elected representatives of the citizens of the States.

The myth that all released prisoners are gangsters and racketeers is easily accepted by the average citizen, who seldom has cause to visit a police station, or a court—unless he has been the victim of a crime—and no reason to visit prisons. His concept of crime and criminals must be gained from what he sees or reads. The commonplace and drab life-histories of most convicted criminals do not

provide either good reading or material from which exciting movie scenarios are made; while the stories of the parolees who *do* make good are not sufficiently spectacular to make front-page news.

The public takes little interest in the fact that most criminal careers begin in childhood. The legal definition of a first offender is a person never before convicted of a felony. Citizens usually believe that a real first offender is one who never before has been in conflict with the law; and, if this point of view is accepted, only twenty-five per cent of the individuals received in reformatories or prisons could be included in this classification. In spite of this, however, the majority of prisoners cannot be classified as "mad dogs" or gangsters.

Repeated studies have shown that there is no single cause for crime, but that multiple causes are responsible for criminal careers. What sort of person is the person who is arrested, convicted and sentenced to prison? A study of 10,000 men paroled in New York State, over a period of years, indicates that at the time of his release the average parolee was under twenty-five years of age; that by the time he was received in the prison or the reformatory, he had had four previous contacts with the law, via the juvenile court, probation, juvenile institutions, city or county jails, penitentiaries and reformatories. The school careers of most prisoners had been terminated before they had reached their sixteenth birthday, and before completion of the eighth grade. Their employment histories consisted of a series of short stays in dead-end jobs, for the average prisoner is without vocational training when he is received in the institution. They came from homes economically insecure, and from families that had been known to various public and private social agencies. The normal influences for character building had failed to touch them—through the home, the school, religious or recreational agencies.

A significant percentage of sentences to prison are for such short duration that the reform that can be accomplished is questionable. An analysis, made by the Division of Parole, of the minimum sentences of all men received in the prisons of New York State during 1942, shows that fifty per cent will be eligible for parole in two years or less, forty per cent in five years or less, and only ten per cent would serve five years or more before becoming eligible for parole consideration. Yet, within the limitations of these sentences, the prison

or reformatory officials are charged with the responsibility of attempting to supply needed education and vocational training, and to inculcate in the prisoners new work-habits and behavior-patterns. Sooner or later ninety-five per cent of the men sentenced to prison must be released, for they cannot be held beyond the expiration of the maximum sentence imposed by the court. Society has two choices: to release prisoners under parole supervision, or to withhold release until the maximum sentence has expired, and return them to the community free of restrictions.

It must be emphatically stated that we cannot refer to the "parole system" in the United States in general terms. In few States in this country can we find a centralized parole agency. The number of parole systems in a single State frequently depends upon the number and variety of the correctional institutions which function there. Each of these institutions may or may not have a separate method of operating parole. There are wide variations in the operation of these "parole systems." Each independent system functions in accordance with the laws which govern it, and establishes its own standards of selection and supervision, and its own interpretations of parole. Critics of parole, therefore, instead of slandering the "parole system" in general terms, should specify the particular system against which their criticisms are leveled. The public would then be properly informed, and existing conflicts would be eliminated, for those administrators in this country who are in favor of the judicious use of parole have always been equally critical of the manner in which the system is allowed to operate in some States.

Just as there is no one "parole system," there is no uniformity in the make-up and operation of the parole boards throughout the country. Less than one-third of the States have parole boards made up of members who give their full time to parole work. The majority of parole boards are part-time boards, the members of which may give about one day a month to selecting prisoners for parole. The personnel of these part-time boards may include Governors, Lieutenant-Governors, Secretaries of State, Superintendents of Public Instruction, Attorneys-General, or other elected State officials. In some jurisdictions, where no parole board exists, institutional officials determine the release of prisoners on "parole."

The fact that elected officials are so frequently selected for membership on parole boards because of their political affiliations, rather than for their knowledge of crime and social controls, may be the basis of the charge which is so frequently made that parole is dominated by politicians. This, too, is the type of criticism which, if made, should be specific and not hurled in general terms against the "parole system in this country." Actually, the laws in some States specifically provide that neither the members of the parole board nor the employees of its official staff may act as representatives of any political party or as officers of any political committee, organization or association. In the States in which parole functions under this type of legisla-

tion, the qualifications for parole officers are also enumerated in the law. It can be readily recognized that no person with any political ambitions would want to become a member of a parole board which is prohibited from political affiliation. Membership on such a board would be a political graveyard, for an individual serving in any non-political government capacity does not make helpful friends but numerous enemies.

Every prisoner who has a grievance, and his relatives, attorneys and friends, can take advantage of the right to communicate with their Governor, their local legislative representative and others, questioning the judgment of the parole board and expressing their criticisms of the action taken by the Board in denying release. Advice is given by these individuals, which is sometimes accepted, as to the manner in which laws should be changed so that the "wings" of the parole board may be clipped.

Parole is, of course, a definite part of the State's system of correctional care, and it should be a continuance of the prison program of rehabilitation. For about a century after prisons were established in this country, only two responsibilities were imposed upon them; that they be self-supporting, and that the safe-keeping of the inmates confined therein should be ensured. The severity of punishment was mitigated later on, not for humanitarian reasons, but solely to increase production, and prisoners were granted a certain number of days each month if, in addition to completing their fixed tasks, they completed a certain amount of "overwork." This "good time" allowance made it possible for them to be released at an earlier date.

The idea that criminals could be reformed, and that aid toward reformation is the duty of the State and the right of the prisoner, was not accepted until about seventy years ago. The citizens who waged campaigns for changing sentencing-laws, establishment of institutional programs, parole, etc., were not starry-eyed idealists, but practical business men, prison administrators and spiritual leaders. They urged the institution of the indeterminate or "reformation" sentence instead of the fixed or time-sentence. They believed that men sent to prison should be kept there until they had reformed, but they did not hide behind the fact that in some cases this might mean life imprisonment. It was their belief that labor, education and religion were the forces to be employed in changing the character of prisoners. They desired the abolition of mass treatment and the substitution of individualized treatment. It was their idea that only those prisoners who, within their physical and mental limitations, responded to treatment should be considered for parole. They accepted the fact that the terms "indeterminate sentence" and "parole" did not imply any mystic power, but they believed that the indeterminate sentence placed in the hands of the prison administrator the power to shorten or lengthen the duration of a prisoner's incarceration, and that the prisoner's fate was in his own hands.

What has happened to these sound theories? It became obvious that if these new ideas were to be

given a fair trial, prison programs would have to be revolutionized. However, before any thought was given to the necessity of changing prison programs, State after State proceeded to enact indeterminate-sentence and parole laws, and the abuse of parole was begun. Fundamentally, that is the reason why parole in many States is in the chaotic state that it is today. In many States, the prison programs in operation at the present time are not designed toward reformation. Good conduct continues to be the basis for release, and time off for good behavior is granted automatically. With no thought to the possibility of training prisoners for release to the community, the tradition was soon established, both by prison administrators and inmates, that reformed or unreformed prisoners were to be released at the earliest possible date. Now prisoners look upon the reduction of their sentences as a right and not a privilege; and in some States, where the selection for release is done on an individual basis, prisoners resort to court action to force release when the parole board has seen fit to detain them beyond their date of eligibility.

No State can expect its parole system to operate effectively and successfully unless the institutional programs are organized to provide for the training and education of prisoners in preparation for their return to the community. The number of States in which parole is well administered is annually increasing. In these States, when a prisoner is released prior to the expiration of the maximum term and is placed under parole supervision, he technically remains in the custody of the warden of the institution from which he was released, until his term expires. If he violates parole, he is subject to return to prison. In these States, members of the parole board and their official staff are selected on the basis of their training and experience. The parole boards, when selecting prisoners for parole, have before them carefully prepared pre-parole reports, and in determining the suitability for parole of any prisoner, consideration is given to all the facts in the case. The offense for which the inmate is confined has been carefully investigated, his previous criminal history is available, as are reports of his achievements in the institution, and his physical and mental condition. His home and prospective employment have been visited and verified. Even the most skeptical critic who would take an opportunity to review the laws which govern a board of this type, and the comprehensive reports which form the basis for the board's decisions, would be forced to admit that parole would not be carelessly administered under such a system of selection.

However, the careful selection of prisoners for parole is but a part of a good parole system. Effective supervision of the prisoner on parole is equally important. Very often the success or failure of a prisoner on parole is dependent upon the type of supervision he receives from his parole officer. The number of parolees under the supervision of a parole officer should be limited. The kind of supervision which consists of written re-

ports to the parole officer at stated intervals is worthless. In an effective system of parole, the parole officer is charged with the responsibility of keeping in close touch with the parolee and reporting on conditions in the home, the employment and the spare-time activities of his client. He must also make continuous efforts to solve the economic, social, physical, emotional and psychological problems presented by parolees and the members of their families. When he finds that the parolee's conduct constitutes a menace to the peace and safety of the community, or members of the family, he should be required to report the matter and obtain authorization to remove the offender from the community by returning him for violation of the conditions of his parole.

What can the public expect from parole when the system is honestly, carefully and intelligently administered? It should not be expected that the human beings who select prisoners for parole are infallible in their judgments, and it should be accepted that a certain percentage of the paroled prisoners will, despite all efforts made to rehabilitate them, violate the terms of their parole.

Statistics published to indicate successes and failures on parole usually show merely the movement of a parole population in a given calendar or statistical year. The information which is not given, and which is more revealing, is a table showing the results of parole in all cases received on parole by years over a period of time. The New York State Board of Parole, in addition to keeping statistics on an annual basis, has compiled accurate cumulative records of the results of all prisoners paroled each year since 1934. At the present time information is available regarding the status of four different year-groups of parolees who have been out of prison five years or more. The results of parole in these cases show no wide variations. Approximately fifteen per cent of those paroled committed new crimes, but the fact that during the five-year period eighty-five per cent were not arrested certainly would not confirm the statements frequently heard, that "parole graduates" continue their lives of crime.

It has been conservatively estimated that the best type of selection for parole and adequate parole supervision can be obtained for the expenditure of a hundred dollars a year in each case, which is approximately five times less than the cost of confinement of these men in institutions for the same period of time, plus the fact that the paroled prisoner is self-supporting, and public and private social agencies are relieved of the financial responsibility of caring for his dependents. Economy, however, should not become the basis for parole. A prisoner should not be granted his partial freedom unless his release would be compatible with the welfare of society.

Parole, therefore, can be an effective method of community protection, and at the same time offer constructive aid to the released prisoner. To achieve these objectives, however, the system must be adequately financed, non-political in its operation, and supported by public trust and confidence.

NISEI AND ISSEI FIND THAT THIS IS AMERICA

YOICHI MATSUDA

SIX bewildered and hungry Japanese timidly came out of their five-day hiding. On the day Japan executed her sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, these Japanese locked themselves in their room and refused to come out, remaining in this self-imprisonment for five days without food. When questioned about their strange behavior, they replied:

"We were afraid of the mob."

This fear of mob violence and persecution rose out of the smoke of Pearl Harbor like a goblin, haunting the Japanese living in America. We must have been seeing too many movies about German persecution of innocent aliens within the borders of the Reich. We felt certain America, too, would be demented by war hysteria and we waited fearfully for the terrible persecution to be loosed upon us.

During the first days of war our fears were strengthened, as evidences of malevolence cropped up here and there. Rocks were thrown through the store-windows; ruffians beat up Japanese men in the dark streets; one elderly American woman even spat at a Japanese girl.

Our fears were so strong that very few of us dared venture out into the streets at night. A theater, located in the heart of our Japanese community, which enjoyed the patronage of Japanese in the pre-war days, was almost empty every night. In desperation the manager advertised in the newspaper: "Transportation service will be offered to anyone wishing to attend our theater."

Next to mob violence, we trembled at the mention of the "FBI." At that time "FBI" had the same dreadful significance as "Gestapo" had to aliens in Germany. Our fears increased as we listened to rumors that the FBI had tapped our telephone wires and that they would come and arrest us if we conversed in Japanese. Someone warned us the FBI had a man stationed outside every house, listening and waiting for us to "Banzai Hirohito" so they could rush in and grab us. Even within their own homes the elders talked in low whispers.

All was not rumor. Hundreds of men were actually being arrested by the FBI, mostly men who had been leaders in the Japanese community. This persecution-fear hit me right between the eyes on the night of December seventh, only a matter of hours after the war began.

About midnight there came a knock at my door. My heart was pounding excitedly as I wrapped my

bathrobe around me and went to the door. A husky policeman stood before my drowsy eyes.

"Hello, Ted," he greeted in a low voice.

I looked at him closer. It was Pat, a young cop who played first base on our sandlot team several years ago.

"I guess it's your father we want," he said looking at a name he had scribbled in his notebook.

In silence I led Pat and his three companions to my father's room. They were polite and gentle, but they had their orders to search the house and bring back any incriminating documents they might find. Then they took my father away. Pat grinned uncomfortably:

"Don't worry, he'll be back in the morning."

In spite of that assurance, I know my mother did not sleep that night. She feared the worst, and so did I.

That gave us an inkling of our own fate. We were sure, sooner or later, the rest of us would be driven into a Concentration Camp, to suffer tortures and agonies for the duration.

Early in 1942, rumors of Evacuation darkened our already gloomy community. Evacuation—that single word struck terror into our hearts. Was the Army going to be so merciless as to drive us out of our homes, forcing us to face the wrath and persecution of the American people wherever we went? We were resigned to the fate of homeless nomads, hated everywhere and wanted nowhere.

At least that part of our fears was erased when the Army Order officially came out, definitely announcing the Army had no intention of chasing us out of our homes without providing a place for us to go. That meant only one thing to us—Concentration Camp.

As our Evacuation Day approached, our persecution complex increased. Nervously we waited for the soldiers to swoop down on us and forcefully eject us from our homes and drive us into exile at the bayonet-point.

Our perplexity mounted as the Government showed no signs of persecution. We were even given an opportunity to move out voluntarily and go wherever we desired before the deadline date. Those of us who had no place to go were encouraged by the Government to settle our personal and business affairs before we moved into the Camp. The Government set up an office where the bankers and Government officials aided us in selling or leasing our properties. For those belongings which we

wished to keep, the Government gave us storage-space which will be guarded by the Government agents while we are away.

If there was any "persecution" it came from unreasonable landlords, petty city and county officials and other small individuals. A certain American landlord, without warning, ordered one of my friends out of her house. She, with her three sons, asked why and he replied:

"I don't want any Japs living in my house."

Yet, only a few months before, he had told them they could stay as long as they wanted to. She appealed to his decency and begged him to let her stay until the Evacuation, but he was stubborn and she had to go.

Even the county officials began immediate assessment of all business properties owned by Japanese. When the assessment had been completed, they began immediate collection. Under ordinary conditions the assessment should have been made during the following two or three months, and payment need not have been called for until twelve months later.

Gas and light companies sent their agents to our homes; small business men demanded immediate settlement of all outstanding accounts. Even the newsboys came to collect. A Chinese lad who had taken over the route from a Japanese boy came to me and demanded that I pay in advance. When I told him it had always been my practice to pay later in the month, he bluntly told me: "You guys are going to be kicked out pretty soon."

At last, our day to be "kicked out" came. Some believed we would be taken away on trucks; more pessimistic ones expected to be dumped into box-cars.

All these rumors were spiked when a caravan of large buses with upholstered seats rolled into position to take us on. Another caravan of large vans stood by to take our baggage.

When we sank into our seats on Bus No. 18, the driver came down the aisle for a final check-up. My wife opened her bag, looking for the "tickets." The driver smiled: "No tickets this time. It's free."

Our free ride was over when we were unloaded in our Camp. They did not call it Concentration Camp, but an Assembly Center. Under any name it was a prison-camp to us.

We felt our fears were not unfounded when we were herded into a single-room apartment in a long barrack, with single sheets of shiplaps, full of knot-holes and cracks, to shelter us from rain and wind. Our apprehension grew when they handed us large canvas bags, and directed us to a straw-pile. As we filled our bags with straw to make our own mattresses, we imagined all sorts of inhuman treatment that might be visited upon us in the days to come.

As the days passed, however, the only tortures we felt were in our minds. They fed us sufficiently; even a special kitchen was set up to feed the babies and those whose physical condition made it necessary to go on special diet. We were even paid a little, if we wanted to work, and we were given monthly allowances of a few dollars to buy our

small sundries. A fully equipped hospital, erected right in our Camp, gave us such medical care as we needed.

All these conveniences did not mean we were being pampered but, on the other hand, we were definitely not being mistreated. The persecution we anticipated failed to materialize, but the fear of awful things to come still haunted us.

After several months of waiting in suspense and anxiety, we were moved to our Relocation Center, our permanent home for the duration. Again rumor played havoc with our minds. This "Relocation Center" was going to be an awful place, unfit for human existence. Some listened, panic-stricken, to the wild tales of how the Government was going to dump us in a wilderness, to die and rot.

Our train stopped at the edge of a wasteland. I saw one woman looking out the window at the arid, dismal sage-brush plain surrounding us on all sides. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she hugged her two children and bitterly mumbled: "We've come to hell."

With despair in our hearts, we took our first look at our home for the duration. The air around our Camp was gray with flying dust; our feet sank deep into the loose dirt as we trudged wearily to our apartment. Smells of stale dust and paint met us when we stepped into our single-room apartment, with no kitchen or running water, a bare room with no furniture of any kind. It was, indeed, a sorry sight.

As we familiarized ourselves with our surroundings, we began to feel a little different. Instead of a prison-camp, as we feared, ours was a miniature city, divided into blocks, each block housing about seventy-four families. In each block were a public dining-hall, laundry-room, shower-room, toilets and recreation hall. Everything in the way of allowing us to live as normally as possible under the adverse circumstances had been provided by the Government.

Our assumption that the Caucasian administrative staff up on the hill were our overseers, something like prison guards, received a jolt when these men did not stand over us with a gun or even a small club. By their words and deeds, they proved to us they were our advisers, looking after our interests, and working toward making this a fit place to live in.

One day, soon after our arrival here, one of the elder evacuees died and was to be buried in the graveyard. A crew of grave-diggers sweated through the hot afternoon and dug a grave. When they lowered the coffin into the grave, it was past five o'clock. They went home, expecting to finish the work next day. Later that evening, the project director and his assistant went out to the graveyard to inspect the first grave. When they saw the coffin still bare, they rolled up their sleeves and filled the grave with dirt.

When one of the residents got lost out in the sage brush, these Caucasian administrators combed the surrounding country with the rest of us, looking for the lost man. Because of their willingness to take part in these unpleasant tasks, we learned

very soon to look upon them with respect, and not with fear.

The Government, represented by these men, treats us, not as prisoners, but as colonists. From the beginning, they let it be known to us that this was going to be our city. We were to be allowed to govern this ourselves in a true democratic fashion. They were to stand by as advisers, ready to give us a helping hand whenever we needed it. Above all, they never have used force to persuade us to work or do anything else.

Instead of shackling and persecution, we are given as much freedom as possible. One of the foremost freedoms is that of religion. Catholics attend their Masses without restriction; Protestants praise their Lord with no fear of intrusion; even Buddhists worship their Buddha openly and without fear of arrest or torture.

Our children are given the same educational opportunities as any children in America. Two elementary schools and one high school are staffed by experienced teachers, who must meet a high standard of requirements before they can qualify. Those who are able to finance themselves are given the privilege of continuing their education in some inland university.

To us, who expected persecution, these leniencies seem incredible. It was not exactly the way we had heard it from those who had suffered at the hands of the Nazis. No back-breaking labor; no whipping-posts; but sympathy and understanding of our difficult and delicate position.

It now dawns on me that America is truly the land of justice, where not even the strain of war can distort the high ideals of justice for all. For the sake of national unity and safety it was necessary to remove us from vital defense zones, but America showed the rest of the world there is a humane way of doing it, which is not conditioned by race-theories.

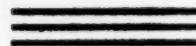
The most gratifying part of this whole well-constructed evacuation plan is the relocation program. Upon presentation of proof of a job waiting for us outside, we are given indefinite leave-clearance, when we can once again go into American society and live a normal life. In the meantime, WRA is making every effort to find jobs for most of us in the "outside" society, so that we can leave this Relocation Center and become a part of free America.

Life in this Relocation Center has renewed my faith in America. She is truly living up to her conviction of the democratic ideals of justice and fair play.

As the War Department said in permitting the Japanese-Americans to volunteer for service in the United States Army: "In any time of crisis, when national survival presents itself as the all-important issue, the best interests of the few must sometimes be temporarily sacrificed or disregarded for what seems the good of the many. The proof of a nation's good faith is to be found in whether it moves to restore full privileges at the earliest opportunity." I sincerely believe America is proving her good faith.

LABOR MUST UNITE ITS DIVIDED HOUSE

BENJAMIN L. MASSE



AS we approach the end of the third year of the armament program, it becomes increasingly evident that organized labor has lost much of the public good will which it enjoyed in the days of its weakness.

Some of the new antagonism, I suppose, can be traced to the persistent propaganda of anti-union journalists and business organizations. Some of it has obviously resulted from the war-time conflict between labor and commercial farm groups over their respective shares of the national income. Then, too, a part of it can be attributed to the natural tendency in a democracy to oppose any movement which threatens to become too powerful—a tendency which has not been lessened by labor's rather inept public-relations policies. (When will national C.I.O. officers realize that the *C.I.O. News*, as at present edited, is a very dubious asset to organized labor?) And, of course, a number of notorious abuses have not yet been corrected and continue to irritate the public, especially the white-collared part of the public.

But all these reasons do not seem to add up to an explanation of organized labor's current unpopularity. Indeed, unpopularity is not the right word. It understates the case. For labor is today a fortress besieged. Everywhere it is on the defensive. It may even be, for all we know, fighting for its life.

Yet, the facade looks strong enough—11,000,000 members more or less, with new recruits coming in all the time, and a very good war record into the bargain. For despite the critics, labor is producing the goods. The press periodically carries long accounts of our prodigious production of planes, ships, tanks and guns; and while the average reader may forget that the well-publicized genius of management cannot produce planes and tanks from blueprints and machines alone, those responsible for war production do not. They know that men are needed, also. And organized labor supplies most of the manpower to our war industries.

Labor is sticking pretty steadily to the job, too. As a result of the no-strike pledge, hours lost through strikes or stoppages amount to an infinitesimal fraction of the total hours worked. While there has been considerable absenteeism, only a minor part of this can be fairly attributed to the selfishness or laziness of workers. Furthermore, labor has invested generously in war bonds, has contributed large sums of money to various relief agencies, has cooperated in projects to increase production, to protect the home front, to stabilize the cost of living. In a word, organized labor can, without embarrassment, compare its contribution to the war with that of any other group in society.

Why, then, is labor in the doghouse? Why are State legislatures frantically passing laws to regulate unions? Why is the Congress even now deliberating over a bill which, if passed, will be looked upon as a rebuke to organized labor and an invitation to anti-union forces to intensify their efforts? Why the strains and stresses between labor and various executive agencies—the National Labor Relations Board, the War Labor Board, the Manpower Commission, the Office of Price Administration?

There is, as has been suggested above, no one answer to these questions; but if there is an answer more fundamental than all the others, it is the fratricidal strife in labor's ranks. For despite its achievements, organized labor is a house divided against itself. It is like a sick man who is vulnerable to attacks and vicissitudes which in good health he would easily surmount. It is like a nation attempting to fight a foreign foe and a civil war at the same time. In the final analysis, it is this internal weakness that best explains the drop in labor's fortunes, for from it comes a large part of labor's present difficulties, and by it other difficulties are made much worse than they need to be. Let me illustrate this by citing three recent instances, all of which have resulted in publicity harmful to labor's good name.

Consider first the C.I.O.-A.F. of L. imbroglio over the latter's closed-shop contract with three of Henry Kaiser's shipyards on the Pacific Coast. The C.I.O. charges, and the National Labor Relations Board agrees, that the A.F. of L. contracts with the Kaiser organization are wholly illegal. Since they were signed before an election of any kind was held, and at a time when two of the shipyards had no employees and the other one had only a corporal's guard on the payroll, the provision of the Wagner Act stipulating the right of employees to designate their bargaining agent has been clearly disregarded. The C.I.O. now demands that the closed-shop clause in these contracts be set aside, and that the thousands now employed in the Kaiser plants be given a democratic chance to choose their bargaining agent. But the A.F. of L. clutches its lucrative contracts and says "nay."

Now this case has been in the news and editorial columns for months. It has attracted the attention of two Congressional Committees and has been the subject of investigations and hearings by the National Labor Relations Board. The fight has even been carried over into the labor press, where the parties to the dispute have made statements about each other which, had they appeared under Westbrook Pegler's by-line, would have raised at once the cry of labor-hater.

Meanwhile, the public has watched this disedifying spectacle with mounting impatience and hostility. "Why," I have heard people say, "should an employer be expected to live in peace and harmony with labor unions when they cannot live in peace and harmony among themselves?" Why, indeed! And if the employer, the merchant, the professional man and the farmer see in the Kaiser dispute and similar jurisdictional squabbles not a concern for

the workers but only an unholy greed for fees and assessments, who will argue that they are entirely without justification?

While a unified labor movement might not be able to outlaw all jurisdictional strife, it could hold it to a minimum. Certainly, if the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. were in the same camp, there would not now be a Kaiser case to attract the attention of an unfriendly Congress, to delight the anti-union crowd and to alienate the general public.

The second case shows how existing evils in organized labor are worsened by the cleavage in its ranks. In this instance the existing evil is Communism, which has done more harm to the C.I.O. than even the deplorable defection of John L. Lewis. The masses of the American people will have nothing to do with Communism. They understand the necessity of supporting the Soviet Union in this war. They even admire the courage of the Russian people and the bravery of their armies. But they despise American Communists and abominate their social and economic principles. If the Reds ever succeed in dominating the C.I.O., then the C.I.O. is finished.

Against this background, consider what happened on the first Sunday in May at Yankee Stadium in New York. There no less than 40,000 people assembled, not to watch a ball game, but to attend a labor rally sponsored by the "Labor for Unity and Victory Committee." The trouble was that the meeting had little to do with labor and nothing at all to do with unity. Once the local press discovered this, it had a field day. It revealed that the moving spirits of the "Labor for Unity and Victory Committee" were, by a strange coincidence, the same gentlemen who in former years organized the Communist-inspired May Day rallies. Then, as several prominent participants withdrew on learning of the dubious sponsorship, the press assumed the responsibility of informing the public. It printed, too, the statements of prominent right-wing labor leaders disavowing any connection with the event. In fact, it told the public in so many words that this labor rally was only a disguise for the Communist Party.

The upshot of the affair was to widen the wedge in labor's ranks and further to alienate the public. Those who wanted to believe that the C.I.O. is a tool of the Comintern found at Yankee Stadium new support for this bizarre notion. So did all those who, for ulterior motives, are striving to create the impression that there is something alien and subversive about organized labor in general and the C.I.O. in particular. And the C.I.O. could make no effective answer, since the Leftists, though a minority, happen to be well represented on the Executive Board, where they are capable of a lot of mischief. But if labor's ranks were closed, the influence of the Leftists would be greatly weakened, and perhaps eliminated altogether. There would be no "Committees" to stooge for the Party.

The third example of the harm caused by labor's internal quarrel occurred at the recent national convention of the Textile Workers Union of America, C.I.O. In a bellicose talk to the delegates, James

B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the C.I.O., demanded labor representation in the Government. "We want labor to conduct the affairs of manpower," he said. "We want labor to serve, to administer the affairs at least of the Department of Labor. We want organized labor represented in the Cabinet of the President." (Applause.)

But later in the day, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt felt called upon to keep the record straight. Referring to Mr. Carey's demand, she said:

I do agree, but I think the representation of any one in the Cabinet should be on complete fitness. By that I mean having the qualifications to fill the office and also being able to say that you really represent what you are supposed to represent.

And lest the audience misunderstand this delicately worded remonstrance, she went on to state plainly that one of the difficulties in the way of giving labor representation in the Cabinet would "arise out of the fact that the labor movement is divided in this country."

That was honest speaking from one whose devotion to the progress of organized labor cannot be questioned. And the delegates present had no reason to quarrel with it, that is, not unless they were willing to see John P. Frey, or Daniel Tobin, or William Green, or some other A.F. of L. official appointed to the Cabinet or made head of the War Manpower Commission! But for the civil war in labor's camp, organized labor would be playing the same prominent part in the war effort here that it is playing, with considerable distinction, in Britain. Labor would not now be in public disgrace, its failures magnified, its accomplishments belittled.

It is time for the leaders of labor to do some serious, and unselfish, thinking. If these things can happen in the midst of war, at a time of full employment at good wages, with a friendly administration at Washington, what can they look forward to in the postwar world when conditions are apt to be much less favorable to labor? The fear of what is to come recently moved Matthew Woll, an A. F. of L. vice-president, to utter a warning which is very apropos here. Said Mr. Woll:

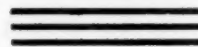
The time has come when unity in the labor movement has become an imperative necessity. Labor must once more be united under one banner if it is to repel successfully the attacks leveled against it in Congress, in many Legislatures through draconic anti-labor laws, and through the mobilization of certain powerful industrial groups.

There is also the question of the growing influence and infiltration of Communists in labor organizations with the purpose of obtaining hegemony over a divided and weakened labor movement. Once united, the labor movement would see to it that the Communist question in its ranks is solved.

I would add only one consideration to this argument. It is this: the question of unity is a matter for concern to the nation, as well as to organized labor. There is good reason to believe that the future of democracy among us is bound up with the existence and growth of disciplined, democratic labor unions, prepared to assume their share of responsibility for the prosperity of American industry. Toward the formation of such unions, labor leadership ought now to be fully devoted. Tomorrow may be too late.

JOSEPHITE JUBILEE OF WORK FOR NEGRO

JOHN LaFARGE



BEING quite youthful at the time, I was more than ordinarily impressed by the fact that the great Lady Herbert of Lea was wearing an apron and doing her own housework when I called on her in London, many years ago. But her anecdotes were more engaging than her costume. Most of all I enjoyed hearing how Father Herbert Vaughan, her spiritual director, later Cardinal Vaughan and Archbishop of Westminster, had conspired with Saint Joseph to obtain the house and property at Mill Hill where the Foreign Mission Society of Saint Joseph first originated in 1866. The owner was a crusty old gentleman, but in his employ was a good Catholic soul, who hid the statue of Saint Joseph in a bureau drawer. From then on it was but a question of time until the property was acquired and the missionaries were installed at Mill Hill.

The first priests of the new Society were ordained in 1871, four in number. Father Vaughan took them to Rome, where Pope Pius IX bade them go and work for the newly emancipated Negroes in the United States. On December 10 of the same year, Archbishop Martin John Spalding installed them in charge of St. Francis Xavier's Church, Baltimore, which thus became the cradle of the Church's continuous and organized work for the Negroes in the United States. Engaging in this work, the missionaries were carrying out the pathetic appeals, hitherto disregarded, of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore (1866).

But the time was coming, in the opinion of Cardinal Gibbons, when the Church in America should do its own work. The missionaries opened a seminary in Walbrook, Md., in 1888, to train young men for the priesthood, and a year later Epiphany Apostolic College began its career in Baltimore. A separate foundation was proposed for the Josephites in America. In 1892, according to the *Colored Harvest* jubilee issue of May, this year, there were seventeen members in the United States of the original English foundation. Of this number, five elected to enter the new American community; the others either returned to England or joined a diocese in this country. And on May 30, 1893, Cardinal Vaughan, Superior General of the Society, wrote to Cardinal Gibbons releasing "the Revs. J. R. Slatery, J. A. DeRuyter, Dominic Manley, Lambert Welbers and C. R. Uncles from the vow of obedience and from all other obligations" to the parent organization, and transferring them to Cardinal Gibbons' "jurisdiction for work among the Negroes." This, then, was the beginning of the present Society of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart, the

"Josephites," the one community of priests in this country which is exclusively devoted to work among the Negroes.

Of these five pioneer members, Father C. R. Uncles was himself a Negro, who spent the latter years of his life teaching in the community. And Father Lambert Welbers, S.S.J., to whom the whole country wishes *ad multos annos*, is the sole survivor.

The cornerstone of a new Epiphany College was laid at Newburgh, N. Y., on May 16, 1925; and on July 25, 1929, of the new major seminary in Brookland, D. C. One summer's day a robber—not without collusion—entered the precincts of the old Epiphany College building in Baltimore, carrying off statues, pews, Stations of the Cross, etc., for his own Negro mission in Southern Maryland; and the same robber is writing this article.

On May 6, 1932, the Society was given the formal recognition which raises it to Papal rank. The five priests of 1893 have grown to 162, with the Ordination class of this year. Their four original missions cared for some 5,000 Negro Catholics. Today, they have the responsibility for 89,631 souls. Sixty-eight parochial schools give a Catholic education to 15,498 children. "In the half century, 73,992 have been brought to their baptismal fonts, 32,703 converts have been added to the Church's rolls."

A lion's share of credit for this remarkable expansion must be accredited to the indefatigable labors and priestly zeal of the Very Rev. Louis B. Pastorelli, for twenty-four years the Josephites' Superior-Provincial and later General, whose successor is the Very Rev. Edward V. Casserly, S.S.J.

Father Casserly, in his own words, thus sums up the works of these fifty years:

During these years St. Joseph's Society has sponsored efforts in almost every department of Catholic life and activity. Besides its institutions to train priests, its churches and schools, hardly any other Catholic work to hold Negro Catholics to the Faith and to bring others to the same Faith has been left untried somewhere or sometime. There were orphan asylums, homes for the aged, industrial schools, a catechetical college, a hospital, clinics, day nurseries, correction homes, high schools, etc. Some of these works, humble in origin, have become nationally prominent; others are still weak and struggling; still others will be called failures by the historians. But the story of all, if the whole is told, should recount, too, the toil and sweat and tears and blood and loneliness and discouragement and opposition that were suffered by those who labored to make them fruitful. (*Colored Harvest*, ib.)

There are a hundred different things you could say about the story of these fifty years, and of the inspiration it has given to others: priests, Religious and diocesan; Sisters and Brothers working in the field of the colored missions in the United States. All I wish to do here is to say just one thing. It could be expressed in much stronger language.

The record of what the Church *has* done, during these fifty years, for the Negro in this country, is a glorious honor roll, looked at simply in itself, and the Josephites are at the top of it. The record of what has *not* been done, in the way of spiritual and social care for the Negro, by Catholics in this country, during the same time, is disheartening com-

pared with the vastness of the task and the growing ubiquity of the Negro in our midst.

Well, there's no use weeping over the past. The Church is wakening on this point, and signs of newfound zeal crop up on every side.

But the bitter scandal, the thing that wrings the heart of the missionary, and speaks between the lines that I have just quoted from Father Casserly, is the neglect, the apathy, the contempt, the ignorance, the downright opposition, that the men and women meet with who, like the Josephites, have consecrated themselves heart and soul to this most fruitful and Christ-like apostolate.

The brunt comes not from the spiritual Have-Nots but from the spiritual Have's: the white Catholics, those who have long enjoyed the shelter and the privileges of Christ's Vineyard. Our Lord spoke terrible words about the strangers who would be called in when the children of the Kingdom refused to hear His voice. That we might not like strangers, is understandable, though un-Christian. But that we treat with hostility those who labor for the strangers, is hateful and inhuman. Many a missionary knows pious white Catholics who daily witness his heroic work yet treat him as a pariah.

This may explain to you why the Catholic missionary to the Negro in the United States must fight on two fronts: to bring the Gospel to the Negro; but also to bring the same Gospel to the prejudiced minds and hearts of some of their own Catholic white brethren in this country.

It would take us far afield to analyze the causes for such attitudes. The point is simply that such a load of prejudice and apathy weighs heavily upon the missionary. It is the indirect cause of some of those "failures" of which Father Casserly speaks. It prevents the priest from doing those things which ordinary pastoral prudence requires. It robs him of the fruit of his labors, by the scandal it creates among those newly converted to the Faith. It menaces the perseverance of Negroes who migrate from mission parishes to the industrial North, only to find "jimcrow's" shadow still pursues them.

The missionary cannot fight this and do his work at the same time. Even a superman cannot pass the ammunition upon so many fronts at once. The ordinary work of the ministry, coupled with the Church's charitable and social-welfare work and the work of education and adult education, coupled with the intolerable burden of seeking funds for elementary needs, is plenty without the added burden of combating the antagonism of those who should be one's first supporters and friends.

This situation challenges the intellectual honesty and spiritual integrity of Catholics. It challenges them to take up where the missionary leaves off, and to do what they can, with such methods as are effective and appropriate, to combat those prejudices which ruin the missionary's own work.

It will, I am sure, be the prayer of every good and thoughtful person, that the Golden Jubilee of the Society of Saint Joseph may mean, among many other excellent things, an awakening of the Catholic conscience to remove the causes that oppress our Negro missions.

END OF AN INTERNATIONAL

MOSCOW'S dissolution of the Third International must await the logic of facts and the verdict of history for its proper evaluation. Speaking for the moment, however, it would be fatally easy to dismiss the move as just another Stalin trick. Whatever the full import of the step, to whatever extent it may be regarded as rooted in expediency, the revolutionary nature of the Party's decree should not be underestimated.

That Stalin had moved far from the Marx-Lenin position was long a commonplace with students of Russia; but this is an overt and public disavowal of the dogma that Communism cannot be national but is essentially international. That the heads of World Communism should thus put themselves on record is something not lightly to be despised. We should not forget that Moscow has now done just what adversaries of Communism have been urging upon it for years. How far or how firm the step is, it is too soon to say; but it is in the right direction. Perhaps the Party, which has found itself forced to acknowledge the power of nationalism, may yet come to recognize the power of those spiritual values from which its official atheism cuts it off.

The Communist International, as represented by the Communist Party in the United States, has been one of the chief obstacles to American-Russian understanding. Enacting into a dogma the excellence of everything Russia, the Comrades rejected every attempt at careful and objective appraisal of the Soviet regime as Fascism, Trotskyism, or what not else. Anything this side idolatry was treason.

With a complete abandonment of intellectual integrity, the Communists stood ready to defend either side of any question at the nod of Moscow. Overnight, the "imperialist war" became a crusade against Fascism. A Second Front, which neither agonizing China nor beleaguered Britain had seemed to need, suddenly became an imperative. The Comrades in the United States were not above cashing in on the blood of the defenders of Stalin-grad.

The underhanded and tortuous methods of the Party, their skill at "moving in upon" the worthiest organizations, and capitalizing upon the most generous impulses of the American people, have darkened counsel in many minds. By a natural, but regrettable reaction, causes and persons otherwise good became suspect because of superficial resemblances. It was sufficient, for instance, to raise the cry of "Communism" to throw suspicion even on the work of the FSA.

Let us hope that an era of clearer thinking may follow this latest move from Moscow. Any progress in international cooperation must be predicated upon a mutual faith and trust. The history of Moscow's diplomacy may give rise to suspicion of this move; but we have more to gain than to lose by accepting it as sincere until it is shown to be otherwise. After all, we have asked Stalin to trust us. If he is really opening a door to us, we should not too readily ignore the gesture.

EDITOR

POLL-TAX PREJUDICE

WHEN the intrinsic merits of a measure proposed in Congress are simply shouldered aside, and opposition is based on such paltry things as vote-getting, patronage, the bandying about of names, we ask once again, as we have been forced to too often in late months, whether some members of that august body are not Democrats, Republicans, first, Americans second. Are they interested more in party power and clique strategy, or in the country's good?

The latest sorry spectacle in this line is the basis of the opposition to the House approval to lift the poll-tax issue from the Rules Committee and submit it to a vote. It is conceivable that there may be some truth in the claim of the opposition that the Federal Government cannot constitutionally fix the conditions for voting in the States. It is not conceivable that this and other fundamental issues involved can be ignored and threats resorted to.

Mr. Cox, of Georgia, for example, threatened reprisals on the New Deal, if "it persists in heaping indignities upon the States that have kept the Democratic Party alive." Mr. Hobbs, of Alabama, darkly predicted that the Senate will launch another filibuster and thus be prevented from "functioning for a long period of time." The name of Earl Browder, with others, was dragged in to show what awful people are against the poll-tax, with utter disregard of the fact that some pretty awful people, here and abroad, are for it—Hitler, for one.

Here we are in an all-absorbing war, when the time of Congressmen, presumably, ought to be exhausted in speeding up the prosecution of the struggle, yet party and sectional feelings run so high that some members deliberately threaten to fiddle away that precious time. Here we are in a war in which racism is one evil we say we are determined to crush, and one Congressman, Mr. Cox, "is surprised" that the Republican party wants the Negro back, after "what he cost you after the Civil War."

Signs show that the poll-tax will be repealed. Congress and the Senate, we hope, will at least be as alive to the injustice of this tax as the people at large are coming to be. When will all our elected representatives come to abandon their sectional and racial prejudices and become as American as the people they represent?

TVA—A PATTERN

IN sharp contrast to its first turbulent years, the tenth birthday of the Tennessee Valley Authority passed uneventfully. There were no cries of "Socialism," not even muffled ones; no charges that the President and his brain-trusters were plotting the destruction of free enterprise in general, and of the hydro-electric industry in particular. On the contrary, in some very conservative and hitherto skeptical quarters one even heard grudging words of praise. What has happened during this time to produce this startling change?

First of all, TVA, considered solely as an efficient business enterprise, has been a brilliant success. Its full contribution to the war program, especially its production of electric power and munitions, cannot now be told, but it is enormous.

In the second place, TVA has opened up a new and fruitful field in which Government and industry can freely cooperate to assure higher living standards for all our people. Up till now, business has seen in Government ownership only a threat to private capital and free enterprise; and until almost yesterday, true to its traditions, it bitterly opposed the great experiment in the rich watershed of the Tennessee Valley. But it knows better now. It has come to appreciate that public ownership can be the ally of private enterprise as well as its enemy.

The implications of this for the future cannot be exaggerated. After the war we must provide full production and employment, and almost every one admits that private capital alone cannot guarantee this. In some way, the Government will be forced to intervene in the nation's economic life to assure complete use of our resources. But how can it do this without endangering private ownership, the economic basis of our political liberties?

TVA may not be the complete answer, but it does suggest a promising solution. In the Tennessee Valley it performed a job that was beyond the resources of private capital, and it so accomplished it that opportunities for private investment were multiplied rather than curtailed. That is the real significance of this experiment. It has furnished a pattern for collaboration between private and public investment which has rich possibilities for the future.

INSULT TO AN ARCHBISHOP

NORMALLY it goes against the grain to use editorial space on violently anti-Catholic publications. Their tone, their matter and their form are usually sufficient to discredit such papers with any but the class of readers who can only be confirmed in the opinions they already hold.

But it is a serious matter when a publication of this type dresses itself up in respectable garb; and still more, if it succeeds in deceiving even the elect. A little leaflet has come our way devoted to the praise of Kenneth Leslie and his magazine *The Protestant*. Mr. Leslie sets forth the encomiums showered upon him by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Harold Ickes, Joseph E. Davies, Van Wyck Brooks, Clifton Fadiman and others. What kind of man is this who has earned the approval of so many prominent people? His *Protestant* for February-March, 1943, will give us a clue. One specimen must suffice in this limited space; though many more might be cited from the same issue.

Pride of place is given to an editorial *What About Spellman*, by Kenneth Leslie himself. Archbishop Spellman, military vicar of the United States armed forces, is on an extended tour. Much speculation and many rumors have followed him; but it was left to Mr. Leslie to hint at something very akin to treason.

Archbishop Francis Spellman, known in the newspapers as "military vicar of the United States," is on tour. First he went to visit the enemy after a cordial talk with our dear friend and movie censor Francisco Franco. *Time* magazine calls the American Francis anti-Fascist as a Red soldier and democratic as baseball or ice-cream. Undoubtedly *Time* magazine will be happy to correct this error after *Time Marches On* and its smart compliment will have smoke-screened the devious flittings of the dainty servant of Vatican intrigue. For whom did he speak to Ciano, Ribbentrop and Franco? . . . In every true Protestant and democratic Catholic mind on this continent and throughout the British Commonwealth there are two questions: 1) under what democratic authority does a soldier-priest go to talk to the enemy, and 2) what does he say to the enemy and what does he hear from the enemy?

Since the Archbishop (who has *not* "visited the enemy") could not go on his tour without the knowledge and permission of the State Department, the Army and the corresponding British officials, Mr. Leslie's questions had best be addressed to the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill can be flattered by the insinuation that they are being hoodwinked by "Vatican intrigue."

One might dismiss the whole tirade as a nasty display of anti-Catholic virulence; but there is a more serious aspect. At this time, when national unity is so important, Leslie is doing his best to fasten an accusation of disloyalty on a great Catholic leader and on Catholics who are devoted to the Holy See.

More serious still are some questions which demand answer. Do you still think that "*The Protestant*" is just exactly the kind of thing that is

needed," Mr. Davies? Is this your ideal of "a militant democrat and fighting Protestant," Mr. Ickes? Since you "read it regularly with the greatest interest" do you still consider that "*The Protestant* performs a truly useful task," Mr. Fadiman? And, Mrs. Roosevelt, in this hour of national crisis, is it your idea of "able leadership" that a prelate who enjoys the confidence of your husband, the President, his Commander-in-Chief, should be smeared with an insinuation of treasonable dealing with the enemy?

Perhaps these leaders of opinion may not have realized just what Mr. Leslie stood for. At least it behooved them to find out, before lending the prestige of their names to his publication. The Catholics of the United States have seen their Archbishop of New York grossly insulted; have seen his traducer praised by our leading citizens. An explanation and an apology are demanded; and American Catholics will not be satisfied until they are forthcoming.

RETURN OF THE NISEI

AS the Dutch underground at last returned the stranded R.A.F. fliers to their homeland, and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* darkened into its final fade-out, a lady's voice echoed through the theatre, protesting in a strong German accent that her neighbor's baby was wiping its feet on her dress. The irritation manifest in the whispered "hushes" and exhortations to silence had nothing racial in it, but arose mainly because the lady was drowning out Donald Duck. To one of the audience, at least, it was a symbol of something that is very precious in American life; the willingness to judge a man, not by his race or his blood, but by what he proves himself to be.

All of that spirit of fairness will be needed if our nation is to deal worthily with one of the biggest problems arising from Pearl Harbor—the American Japanese. More than a hundred thousand of them, from the West Coast, have been uprooted by the exigencies of war and placed in vast camps. It does not take very much thought or investigation—and we say that advisedly—to see the grumbling, the resentment, the mismanagement, the ill-feeling that must necessarily be found where so many thousands have to adapt themselves to a new life. It is only a deeper search and a more understanding approach that will reveal how much of this is superficial irritation, how much is due to the corroding effect of segregation, how much to fears of what the future may bring. A vivid and convincing picture of this side of camp life is given in another part of this Review by one of the internees, Yoichi Matsuda.

Under the supervision of the F.B.I., many of the internees are being allowed to return to civil life. Their way will be hard. Stories are already current of their being excluded from restaurants in certain places. Americans should realize that the reception given to these people will show whether we take our social standards from *Mein Kampf* or the Declaration of Independence.

THE HIGHER EGOISM

IN his Christmas address in 1940, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, told of five "triumphs" which would be necessary if any "new order" would really mean peace. There would have to be triumph over hate, over mistrust, over the "might makes right" idea; over world economic differences, and—finally—a "triumph over the spirit of cold egoism" which threatens the liberty of States or of persons.

Cold egoism is no easy dragon to vanquish. Reason will warn against it, but only the fire of supernatural love, that "fire" which the Saviour said He came on earth to kindle, can really burn the monster up, body and bones. How can we get that supernatural fire of love to operate, in a world which repels the supernatural—weak in faith, feeble in hope, faint in courage?

The answer was given for our times and our conditions by Jesus Christ Himself, when He revealed to Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque the inner desires of His Sacred Heart, with the request that these desires be made known to the whole world.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer is a powerful antidote to what might be called the lower form of egoism. That sort of egoism makes a man neglect his own real interests, it makes him a slave of his passions, of his personal pride, of his sensuality. The devotion reveals to each of us the Saviour's passionate desire for our own personal sanctification. You cannot know that Divine desire without being moved by it, transformed by it.

But the same devotion is an equally powerful weapon against what you might call the higher egoism. It is a "higher" egoism because it is not just crass personal pride, but rather the acceptance of a set of false maxims, a perverted life-philosophy. But calling it "higher" does not make it less evil; on the contrary, it is that "cold" and calculated thing which the Pope says is strangling the world today.

The reason for our saying this is shown by the Epistle for the Feast of the Sacred Heart (which this year, another late-Easter anomaly, falls outside of June, the month of the Sacred Heart). You cannot know the Heart of Christ, you cannot penetrate into the interior of His affections and desires, without learning what "all the Saints" have learned, and Saint Paul (Eph. iii, 18, 19) calls: "the breadth and length and height and depth" of that great Mystery of love and redemption which he has unfolded for all mankind.

The vast dimensions of this Mystery will dawn upon you, when you are "rooted and grounded" in love, when you "know Christ's love which surpasses knowledge."

The devotion to the Sacred Heart, in other words, breaks down the wall of selfishness that hedges us from our neighbor, *because* that devotion binds us to the Saviour's all-embracing love.

The "higher egoism" is a total contradiction of all that is revealed by the Sacred Heart of Christ. If we spread this devotion through the world, we clear the path for the only genuine "new order."

LITERATURE AND ARTS

COMPOSERS IGNORE MUSIC-LOVERS

VICTORIA WOOD

AS a listener to contemporary music I usually refrain from comment on what I hear. Restraint has been imposed by an amateur musician's understanding of the difficulties of creative composition. Discreet silence has been a gesture of courtesy to the composers who, I assumed, were giving their best efforts to an exacting art. The unknown musician, I reasoned, is beset with so many heart-rending obstacles in his struggle for recognition that audience reaction scarcely need be noted in the program.

In spite of this reluctance to tread upon a composer's dreams, the end of treading softly is approaching, *accelerando*. Composers seem to be composing without a passing thought for the audience. They are unaware that there is a sensitive ear in the audience, or they choose to ignore it.

The straw that broke the back of my long silence was a quotation from the remarks of Vaughan-Williams about his *Symphony in F Minor*. The occasion was a radio broadcast on Sunday, March 14, by the NBC Symphony Orchestra. The announcer's task was to prepare the audience for what was coming, and he could choose no more authentic prologue than the composer's own. In brief, the composer wanted us to know that his symphony, which we were about to hear, did not look right, and did not sound right to him.

In the name of sweet patience, I would like to inquire, if his symphony does not look right or sound right to the composer, how can it possibly sound to the listener? I hasten to agree that the *F Minor* didn't sound right to me. Nor did it sound right to any other member of the audience with whom I found opportunity to compare notes. Why should we delude the composer with the impression that we liked his work merely because we politely heard it through? Mere social etiquette may well betray the arts, since we, the listeners, are supposed to reflect the taste of the times. Let us have the good manners to protest when our taste is outraged.

In this case, the listener is asked to perform the miracle of synthesis and interpretation which is solely within the province of the composer himself. The miracle must be achieved *first* by the composer; the eager listener will then come as close to re-creation as he can. Now the composer renounces

all responsibility for his own composition. The creative task is hurled at the man in row twelve, whose respect for musical art is such that he does not pretend to be a composer. He would not claim the title, that is, unless he could claim responsibility for his work. The spirit of irresponsibility invading the arts provokes the retort querulous.

For the listener, music is valued for the emotion, the idea, the inspiration it conveys to him. If the artist is uncertain of his own craft and his own interpretation, what can he possibly hope to convey? What can he conceivably have in mind for the delight of the ear, the improvement of the public taste, or the fortification of the national soul? (Mercifully I beseech him to hear me and the man in seat three.) If he begins by violating his own esthetic sense, he shows an outrageous disregard for ours.

We quietly submit that the contemporary audience has a right to expect consideration from its artists. It has something more compelling than right; it has desperate need.

Factory workers who are wearied by the cacophony of clanging machines do not ask for added noise. They need music to cut through the noise. For them, blaring brass is out. (This is just common sense, but if it sounds too common for musical ears I would refer the composer to the excellent article by Dorin K. Antrim in the August issue of *Forbes Magazine*, "Music Goes to War in War Factories.") The brass in the *F Minor* is the supreme blat in blatancy. It does not respond to the strings, or contrast with them, or magnify them; it battles them to the finish. The final drum-beat claps the ear-drum already deafened by noise.

People depressed by dead, muffled silence in a woolen mill asked for melody, and the sensible management (probably working without benefit of a composer) saw to it that they might hear melody. If there is melody in some of the contemporary music I hear (mentioning the *F Minor Symphony* as one single instance), it escapes the ear. People bored by the monotony of mechanical, repetitious tasks in a factory ask for rhythm and variety. There are spurts of rhythm in the *F Minor*, subject to erratic changes for which the listener is not prepared by any pattern or progression. The strings are seized with a spasmodic twitching. We

need music that is an antidote, not an added encouragement to neurotic disorder. Mental workers ask for background music, "completely unobtrusive, familiar, yet melodious." Other men who are mental toilers find in music a stimulation to thought. Contemporary music is too frequently an irritant, too rarely a stimulant.

The final emotional effect of the *F Minor Symphony* is exhaustion.

There is a kind of fatigue, light as a sigh of satisfaction and welcome as the spring rains, that follows naturally upon the mood of exaltation reached through genuine artistic or religious experience. He who has heard great music has been rewarded by a momentary glimpse into the world of the gods. His human capacity to think and rejoice, to fight and endure, has been exalted.

The eager concert-goer of today, let the composers be advised, gives his increasingly precious leisure to music, including what is new. The man in seat three, however, is thoroughly familiar with fatigue. It is an enemy he must vanquish daily or perish in a warring world. If he finds in a "musical composition" nothing but fatigue, the sane man will turn a deaf ear to the composer, and all his works and pomps.

It defies belief that a composer addressing an audience hungry for music should seize this group of well tempered listeners by the ear only to pour into it a musical jumble that does not look right or sound right to the composer himself.

The popular justification for much in modern art is that it reflects the times, and since the times are out of joint then art must necessarily be out of joint also. This begins to sound suspiciously akin to the alibi of the slipshod worker who blames his tools or his materials. The designer of a bridge dares not turn out for construction a design that does not look right to him, for if he does, he knows the bridge will hurtle into Puget Sound. An accountant dares not pass an audit that does not look right to him or he will land in jail. The concert-goer, as well as the composer, is beset with difficult dragons. He cannot fend them off with an alibi.

The concert-goer who must daily exert superhuman effort merely to survive as human, is disposed to expect at least as much herculean effort in the field of art. Allowing that he is not a senseless clod, he is bewildered, confused or tormented by the brutal realities of universal conflict. He does not seek in art confusion worse confounded. Nor does he want "escape," as reviewers and commentators glibly toss the word about in patronizing tones. He is not such a fool as to expect escape from reality, however brutal it may be. He wants to return to the real problems he must tackle and solve, but he would like to return to them refreshed. If music is his form of relaxation, he seeks in it the harmony the world denies. He finds in music renewed vigor to combat his own weariness. He is momentarily transported "out of this world."

If contemporary compositions let him down, he will reserve his trust—and his time—for the classics. Meanwhile he will go for a walk in the comparative quiet of a sunlit afternoon.

CAN THEY FILM IT?

SHUDDERS really did course over our sturdy frame as we wrote in our review of *The Song of Bernadette* (AMERICA, May 9, 1942):

The book is to be, we are told, filmed. We can only greet that with a shudder. Bernadette herself did not describe The Lady. We do not want to see her on the screen. This book shows her where she can alone be seen, in and through a simple heart. Bernadette saw her thus and the world still does, at Lourdes.

It begins to look as though we were unduly apprehensive. Bernadette is being filmed, and advance releases show that the job is being done with reverence. For one thing, a great number of the cast are Catholics, including, as is only right, Jennifer Jones, who plays Bernadette. This, of course, will not guarantee a fine film; Catholics can act badly, too. But at least, if they can act, they stand a better chance to catch the spirit of the book.

Most of the cast, again, are unknowns; there has been little effort to corral four-star names. Apparently what has been looked for is the ability to live the book, and that seems to herald sincere and understanding performances. This, of course, is all to the good.

The director of the film is the man who gave us *The White Sister*, which starred Helen Hayes, some years ago. It was a good job, but it *was* sentimental—and oh, how I pray that this superb book will not be sugar-coated on the screen. If the director gives us Werfel's book, with its strong meat of suffering and penance and humility, he will have done next to the impossible. However, Mr. Werfel himself seems to be content with the way they are handling his book: "It is not at all what people call Hollywoodish," he says.

We sincerely hope this is true, but—as I see it, either of two things will happen. Either the film will be the book, and then it will not be understood, for I don't think the book was, except for truly Catholic readers, despite its immense sale; or the film will be very fine and moving, but will not be the story of God's grace and its mysteries that the book and Bernadette's life were.

There is really only one solution, I feel, and that's impossible. It would be for the entire cast, production staff, advisors, authors all to emulate the famous Oberammergau Passion Players, and to make every rehearsal, every shooting, a religious activity, with Mass and Communion daily on the set beforehand. The day when we do have a religious stage, a religious film company that will be motivated by such a spirit, we will be returning our drama to the deep roots whence it sprang, severed from which it has been withering.

Well, we are eager to see what comes out of Hollywood's bag of tricks. But there, we prejudice the case. This film can come from no bag of tricks; if it does, it will be a failure. We hope it won't fail. If it keeps the message of the book, little as the depths of that message be understood, it will give great glory to Our Lady and to Him Who was Our Lady's Son. Too bad the film was not finished for release in May.

H. C. G.

BOOKS

FALSE WITNESS

THE WIND THAT SWEEPED MEXICO. By Anita Brenner and George R. Leighton. Harper and Bros. \$3.75
THIS is a beautifully illustrated book telling sympathetically the story of the Revolution in Mexico, 1910-1942. The text (100 pages) is by Anita Brenner, who has written much on Mexico, and the photographs (186 pages of them) were chosen and assembled by George R. Leighton. The photographs, mostly news-pictures of the time, are a magnificent pictorial history of Mexico's struggle for economic freedom and its constant relapse into political slavery at the hands of corrupt politicians and generals. The captions under them, though a bit melodramatic, follow the text rather closely.

The text is marked by an extreme bias against the Catholic Church. The old charges of undue wealth are repeated, and a new one introduced of a bribe offered a Mexican consul by an unnamed "American Cardinal in New York" with German money, apparently in 1916. The rebel *Cristeros* are dubbed "Christers" (a fighting name in the Bronx) and the name of Christ the King is often used in contexts that imply contempt. The Nazi-invented phrase "political Catholics" is used. The Knights of Columbus have, I think, an undoubted libel suit for a statement on page 78 that they "raised a million dollars to help the Christ-the-King guerillas." We are also told of a current "Franco-Falangist-Jesuit 'reconquest crusade.'" It is a pity that a firm like Harper's should lend itself to such things, especially since what it had principally in mind was the publication of the pictorial history.

The reader of the text and captions is in for some surprises also on the political side. This reviewer, along with other Catholic writers, has always maintained that the attempt to bring social justice to the oppressed poor of Mexico has consistently been sabotaged by dishonest politicians and grafting generals, from Carranza to Cárdenas. There is abundant evidence in these pages to substantiate this charge. Cárdenas, it is true, is Miss Brenner's hero, and she admits that Lombardo Toledano's labor union is controlled by the Communists. But even Cárdenas' regime is shown to have been riddled with corruption. As for the present President, Avila Camacho, she is against him, and apparently for the reason that he has at last brought religious peace to the Mexicans. With a more balanced commentator, this book could have been a fine monument to the Good Neighbor policy.

WILFRID PARSONS

AMERICAN APOLOGIA

THE GOD OF THE MACHINE. By Isabel Paterson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75

WHAT does it tell you about a book to say that it could be reviewed from at least a half-dozen different points of view? The title of this volume derives its meaning, one may guess, from the author's proposition that "a machine economy cannot run on a mechanistic philosophy." The reason is that the *energy* which creates, maintains and expands the machine economy is not generated by the dynamo, but by *free men*. To the author, men are not free except when viewed and dealt with in the terms in which only the Christian religion views and deals with them.

The scope of the book is to study "the flow of energy and the nature of government as mechanism." The author must have been born with one of those old Erecto sets in her lap. It is more than a little annoying to have to follow (or try to follow) the elaborate

mechanistic analogy by which, as a more literary device, the thesis of the book is explained. We discover, for example, that the Roman Empire failed because "it blew a cylinder head." It is hard to see what has been gained by all this abracadabra about dynamos, power lines, storage batteries, high potential and so on through a whole World's Fair of mechanisms. This complaint, however, may only reveal the insufficiency of the reader's classical education to understand the terms in which our contemporaries do their thinking.

The weak spot in the author's political philosophy, lurking in occasionally illuminated corners of the vast power plants, is her radical individualism. For her the State is not a corporate moral person. She has no understanding of what democracy is meant to be—that is, the group acting together for group, as well as individual, interests which cannot be achieved except by co-operative endeavor. For her the government is a bothersome busybody and, with Jefferson, she believes that "that government governs best which governs least." This is Lockian.

But there is much to praise highly in this volume. The case for private enterprise is argued, not on the feeble assumption of "natural liberty," but on the altogether solid ground of the dynamics of human nature. The author makes a strong case for preserving the conditions of free enterprise even during the war, in order to elicit the maximum of productive energy from the only earthly agents capable of originating energy—free men and free women. This may well be the most serious *apologia* for "the American way" which has appeared.

Especially noteworthy is the criticism of humanitarianism and of politically controlled compulsory education. Both are stigmatized as un-Christian and as leading inevitably to collectivism.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN

LINCOLN AND THE PATRONAGE. By Harry J. Carman and Reinhard H. Luthin. Columbia University Press. \$4.50

THIS detailed and exhaustive study of Lincoln's shrewd handling of Government patronage gives us a complete picture of an unsavory aspect of our political history and reminds us of a side of Lincoln's character which is seldom brought to our attention. The sentimental Lincoln admirer may feel shocked that his hero could stoop to such political maneuvering and claim that such unpleasant details are better passed over and forgotten. But a knowledge of such facts is necessary to give us a complete picture of Lincoln and the war years, a full knowledge of our national history and a clearer realization and understanding of our present problems and difficulties.

Many have criticized Lincoln for devoting too much time and attention to the question of patronage while the nation was passing through the greatest crisis in its history. True, he did give the problem much time and energy all the years he was in office. But Lincoln did not invent the spoils system; it was a situation which confronted him on his election to office and, being an eminently practical man and one of the cleverest politicians of his day, he realized that the problem must be faced and solved if he hoped to have a united party and the public support necessary to carry on his struggle to save the Union.

The fact that the Republicans were a new party, coming into power for the first time, accounts for the unusually large number of greedy office-seekers and the wholesale changes made in all departments of the

Herself

The New Novel by the
Drama Critic of America

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

D. APPLETON-
CENTURY
New York

What happens in the town of Waynesboro when a strange malady attacks its citizens. A story replete with mystery, excitement and romance. "Ablly portrayed—enjoyable."—*Saturday Review of Literature*. "Keeps you guessing right up to a tense climax."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. \$2.50

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

announces the establishment of
The Aloysia Hardey School of Nursing
in cooperation with
St. Clare's and St. Francis' Hospitals
First Session July 6th to August 28th, 1943
Registration open now. Resident and Day Students
A limited number of Scholarships are available
Entrance Examination May 29th & June 12th

For further information
Apply to the Committee on Admissions
The Aloysia Hardey School of Nursing

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

West 133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

Telephone, EDgcombe 4-1500

THE NEWMAN BOOKSHOP . Catholic Booksellers

Westminster, Md., and 826 Newton Street, Brookland, D. C.
Catholic and Secular Books of All Publishers Promptly Supplied.
Best Library Discounts to All Catholic Institutions. Secondhand
Catholic Books Bought and Sold. Catholic Libraries Purchased for
Cash. Catalogue issued monthly to Reverend Clergy and Religious.



JOHN J. HOGAN, INC.
SIX EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK
Opposite B. Altman's 34th St. Entrance
Telephone: CA. 5-6774

EYE EXAMINATIONS

● Three registered
optometrists having
years of experience
are at your service, to
give you examinations
and advice.

● GLASSES
at reasonable prices.
ESTABLISHED 1892
Louis Merckling and Staff
Optometrists

→ FOR VICTORY ←
BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Government from Cabinet members to clerks. The Democrats accepted all this as part of the game and, for the most part, did not complain. Indeed, all the complaints, abuse and bickering were among the various factions of the Republican party, who fought bitterly among themselves for even the smallest plums of office and influence.

Through 375 pages, the authors show us how the Whig, Democrat, Free-Soll and Know-Nothing elements which made up the new party, struggled for control by obtaining the lion's share of rewards for their followers. And all the while Lincoln skilfully and tactfully threads his way through the warring factions, conciliating and welding together a following strong enough to carry out the policies of his administration. The quarrels, petty intrigues and double-dealing of the Blairs, Camerons, Weeds, Searwards and countless smaller fry are minutely detailed. The names and activities of numerous local bosses and political hacks are monotonously recorded, until one wonders how any Government official found time to devote to the winning of the war. Lincoln's handling of the situation was on the whole highly creditable, except for his packing the Supreme Court in order to obtain a safe majority to support his war measures.

While complete and scholarly, and showing proof of much dry and painstaking research, there is too much detail and repetition to make the volume interesting for the general reader. It is a book for historians and students of political science—an excellent reference volume for the college library.

F. J. GALLAGHER

I SAW TWO ENGLANDS. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

THE prospect of a leisurely motor tour through the countryside of Kent and Sussex, in the Spring, is a most delightful one, but alas, traveling for pleasure has been curtailed. However, the next best thing is to make such a trip with H. V. Morton in his latest travel book.

This fascinating journey through the Cathedral towns in lovely rural England was made in May, 1939, when the sinister shadow of war was little more than an infant shade. The author not only describes the great castles, but searches around for interesting bits about the beginnings of these great houses and family histories, as well as the architectural additions and changes that have been made during the various occupancies. The experienced Mr. Morton has a fine dramatic touch, for while he is lingering in deliberate ease in an antique shop or gazing languidly at an especially picturesque landscape, he is quietly comparing the past with the confusing present and the uncertain future, all building up to the great climax. His second journey, in October, 1939, is the surprise, when he finds that the incredible war industries have commenced to function, and everywhere preparations for war are going at top speed.

While depicting the full flavor of the English temperament, Mr. Morton somehow makes the people seem not so much English as human beings of any invaded country, bent on one thing, the defense of their homes and all that is dear to them in tradition and strong family ties.

CATHERINE MURPHY

THE NEAR EAST. Harris Foundation Lectures. University of Chicago Press. \$2.50

CONTINUING publication of those useful periodic lectures which have regularly appeared from this source, the present volume deals with one of the most mixed and difficult questions of modern times. The area involved stands at the focus of religious, strategic and economic rivalries in the world today. None of the authors of the included papers has a quick and easy solution, and this is proper, for there must be much adjustment of matters before stability can be secured in an area which has been and probably will for long continue to be subject to powerful pressures.

Quincy Wright's concluding remarks are notable for their insight into the shadows thrown by the details against the pattern of international life today. Some of his words are worth quoting:

Since the Renaissance, and especially since the Peace of Westphalia, international law has emphasized the sovereignty of the territorial state. It has qualified the expansive tendencies of these states only in the details of procedure. . . . [Since the World War] principles were accepted which would qualify the substance of sovereignty. . . . Continual struggle of all nations for self-autonomy is self-defeating, and eventually nations may achieve a maturity in which the inevitable lack of self-sufficiency is remedied not by conquest but by cooperation.

Other authors are Carlo Sforza, H. A. R. Gibb, Salo M. Baron and Charles K. Webster. There is an index and excellent end-paper maps. **ELBRIDGE COLBY**

THE FIFTH SEAL. By Mark Aldanov. Translated by Nicholas Wreden. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3
THIS book is long, slow-moving and a trifle depressing. Laid in Paris during the Spanish Civil War, the plot presents a gallery of characters who talk and talk, but do little else. The depressive aspect of the novel comes from the characters themselves who, with but two exceptions, are experienced, elderly men and women whose exploits in the past have left a mark upon them.

There is Kangarov, the Russian diplomat, holding his position by party affiliations, yet at the same time hating and fearing his masters; Wislicenus, an old-timer when it comes to revolutions, but who is now cognizant of the fact that the Utopia promised by the revolution was never realized; Tamarin, the Tsarist General living in the memory of a luxurious past, but who now works for the Red army because he is a soldier and can find no other work; Nadia, the diplomat's secretary, who escapes the intrigues and boredom by turning to writing; Alvera, the writer's copyist, who commits a murder reminiscent of *Crime and Punishment*, and who, incidentally, is one of the most interesting characters in the book; and finally the writer himself, Vermandois, who is a talkative old man realizing that his writing no longer enjoys the vigor of his youth, but who must write or starve. Then there is a Countess who adores Vermandois, and a lawyer, a Socialist, who despises him.

This is quite a cast of characters and these are but the more prominent. They are well drawn, if not too deeply, though we must admit that Mr. Aldanov has the skill to play character against character in an alluring and interesting manner. Of all these men and women, Nadia and Alvera are distinctive because they do something more than talk.

It is a long book but not a great book. Whatever controversy has arisen about it means little, for there is nothing offensive in it, and in this country, at least, a man still has the liberty of writing a book and expressing his beliefs therein. Mr. Aldanov had something to say and he said it, and at times he states his views clearly. For example, he has Wislicenus, the old revolutionary, reflect on his past adventures and reach the conclusion: ". . . we came to realize, that though we had defeated the enemy, the result was a muddle."

JOHN A. O'CALLAGHAN

A SURGEON'S FIGHT TO REBUILD MEN. *The Autobiography of Dr. Fred H. Albee, F.A.C.S., F.I.C.S.* E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.50

HERE we have a detailed description of the horrors of World War I, and of the part which surgeons, and particularly the author, had in the rehabilitation of wounded and maimed soldiers. In the Preface, the doctor states that he has been a fighter all his life, and that it is only by using all you have, all your energy, ability, learning and imagination, that you can become a full man. The rest of the book attempts to establish the fact that its author became a full man by carrying out his own prescription.

The perusal of his life's story engenders the suspicion that modesty is not one of the essential elements for success in the medical profession. The book would certainly be only one-third of its size if the first personal

the BOOK of the DECADE

The London TIMES ?
said years ago:

"Mr. Dawson may one day give modern thought the lead for which it seeks." Thoughtful readers of **THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS** are asking themselves, "Is this, perhaps, the BOOK?"

A New Synthesis

THE MODERN SCHOOLMAN says: "So unified is his thought, and so closely connected are his books, that this latest work is like a conclusion to what he has been saying all along. It is written in summary, almost every sentence a summing up of a paragraph or chapter in some other book. . . . It follows organically, a reiteration in outline of the author's basic ideas as they refer to contemporary problems."

They Like It!

Some weeks ago we quoted in this column Dominicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Jesuits, Congregationalists, and Benedictines in praise of this book. It would be easy to extend the list to include praise from all the Christian Orders and Denominations, but the opinions of all are summed up by what AMERICA said: "IT MUST BE READ! No one can neglect it if he expects to help in any way toward the rebuilding of a decent world."

Books HAVE Changed the Course of History

(Have you read this one?)

The reviews of the Benedictines of Collegeville in ORATE FRATRES are not lightly written. They say,

**"It is a book to read, re-read,
study, and incorporate
into one's mental fabric."**

Price \$2.50. SHEED & WARD, NEW YORK

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Founded in 1841 • Conducted by the Jesuits

Announces New Classes Starting July 6, 1943

At Fordham Road, Bronx, New York City:

Fordham College. Courses Leading to A.B. and B.S. degrees.
Fordham College. Evening Division. B.S. in Social Science.
School of Business. B.S. degree with Business Majors.
College of Pharmacy. B.S. in Pharmacy.
Graduate School Summer Session, July 6-August 14.

At Woolworth Building, 233 Broadway, New York City:

School of Education Summer Session, July 6-August 14.
School of Law. New Classes Starting June 14, 1943.

At 134-136 East 39th Street, New York City

School of Social Service. Full Semester Summer Session
Starts June 21, 1943 — for Candidates for Master's Degree.

ACCELERATED PROGRAMS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

Write for Announcements. Specify Department.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
1843-1943

Entrance by Certificate or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits

A.B. and B.S. COURSES
DEGREES

BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE IN BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY
PHYSICS, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HISTORY
SOCIAL SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

Next Freshman Entrance July 1, 1943

New courses especially adapted to
the nation's officer training program.

Bulletin of Information on Request

Address Dean of Freshmen, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

IT'S DIFFERENT!

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART
is a DIFFERENT kind of magazine.

Isn't it true that when you look through most magazines and come to the last page you say to yourself, "Well, I've finished with that issue," and you toss it away forever?

**You never "finish" with THE
MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART!**

PRESTES find in it abundant source of material for sermons and instructions.

SISTERS use it as a constant companion in the classroom.

MOTHERS of families find it an invaluable aid in training children.

The SICK find it a consoling friend.

YOUNG and OLD welcome it as the ideal Catholic family magazine.

10¢ a Copy — \$1.00 a Year

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart

(Desk A) 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

pronoun were deleted. He was born on a farm in Maine on Friday, April 13, 1876; his early struggles with the soil and climate developed his powers of fighting physical difficulties, which later were to prove so vital an element in his success in the orthopedic field of surgery. His grandfather had been a ships' carpenter, and made himself an expert in cabinet work. From him he learned that excellence of accomplishment was based on accuracy and precision; when later his energies were directed to tree-grafting on his father's farm, he found that the employment of the same qualities was necessary for a successful graft.

Later on, when he turned his attention to human carpentry, he won wonderful results by exactly the same methods. If one can overlook the constant self-laudation, the book may prove to be a spur to undeveloped energies of the reader.

FRANCIS J. DORE

WE FIGHT WITH MERCHANT SHIPS. By M. B. Palmer.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75

UNTIL recently, the men of the Merchant Marine received little recognition for work whose dangers may be best understood by the comparative statistics that indicate they have had more casualties than any of the naval or military services. Now they are eligible for the award of a special medal; now they are getting their names into the papers.

This book ably describes the importance of merchant shipping in logistics, one, in modern warfare, with strategy and tactics. Squadron Leader Murray Harris has said that this is a war of communications, a modernization of the phrase: "fastest and constantly with the mostest." Note that word "constantly," for that is where the Merchant Marine comes in. Without ships, our guns and men and planes would remain in the Western Hemisphere; with ships, they can be carried into foreign sectors.

M. B. Palmer tells the story of Yankee shipping, of the Maritime Commission, of Kaiser's shipyards and Bethlehem-Fairfield, of our situation before and after Pearl Harbor. If there is a major flaw in the story, it is that it is too brief.

R. W. DALY

COME IN. By Robert Frost. *Selected, and with a commentary and biographical introduction by Louis Untermeyer.* Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

POET, critic and master-anthologist of our day, Louis Untermeyer, in *Come In*, has given us a volume of the representative poems of Robert Frost. The book is a valuable record of a soul, rich, warm, vexed with eternal wistfulness but still tenaciously keeping faith. Here in one book, spanning his poetic career, we may study at leisure Mr. Frost's genius for copper-plate imagery, denim idiom, earthy epigram by which he strikes to iridescent splendor those commonplaces which we ourselves have so often beheld unseeing. Sometimes Mr. Frost's Wordsworthian simplicity seems to lapse into a sort of phosphorescent prose; more often, however, he endows the plain language of simple men with dignity and deathlessness.

Mr. Untermeyer has done his work with acumen and, more importantly, affection. In his introduction he sketches for us not only the facts of the poet's life but also the formative factors of his "intellectual milieu." If his commentary sometimes appears to labor a point, the fault proceeds from an amiable fear that we may miss an overtone. John O'Hara Cosgrave is to be congratulated for his exquisite end-pages and illustrations.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

WILFRID PARSONS, formerly Editor of *AMERICA* and at present professor of Political Science at Catholic University, is an authority on the Mexican scene.

FRANCIS J. DORE is professor of biology at Boston College.

R. W. DALY teaches at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn.

ART

WITH the recent purchase of contemporary Latin-American paintings by the Museum of Modern Art, its collection of these works becomes one of the most important in the country. These paintings are now being shown at the Modern Museum, and the exhibition is one of unusual interest. The relationship of historical Spanish painting to all modern-type painting has already been suggested in this column. The continuance of this Spanish tradition and its re-expression in a modern, vital way in Latin-American countries has resulted in an art of rare significance.

It is, furthermore, art of a full-blooded kind, one that makes the eclectic, derivative work of painters in the United States seem a pale alternate. While topical and possessing a definite illustrative content, it maintains a fine balance between illustration and artistic form and the topical matter is made to serve an end in art. In all of this there is impressive evidence of strong, natural influences such as generate a living art.

What there is of dedication to the ideology of esoteric, Parisian art movements, such as abstraction and surrealism, is purely incidental. This influence appears in the work of certain of these painters, but it is of a kind that is absorbed rather than imitated. These more esoteric productions, while outside the main line of development in Latin-American art, are yet given a character that sharply distinguishes them from the French work, to which they are somewhat allied. The change that affects these ideologies suggests their dominance by a native vigor of spirit that reduces these esoteric tendencies to a secondary place. They are in the nature, therefore, of museum-like froth on the crest of a life-based art, one that has in it a forcefulness allied to that of nature itself.

If the cultural diffuseness of life in the United States finds its less fortunate expression in the diffuseness and the more superficial and imitative aspects of our painting art, Latin America offers the contrast of an indigenous art with a healthy, reasonable popular content. I do not mean by this that we have here an appeal to popular comprehension that bespeaks a play to the gallery. It is, rather, as if a full consciousness of life, and of the grandeur of humanity, had found an outlet in art. Allied to this is a painting ability notable both for itself and for what it does in characterizing incidents and personalities. What is important is that technical facility is kept secondary to artistic performance, which is as it should be. This is not an art that leans down to the people; it is one, in contrast, that sees in humble incidents and scenes a part of that magnificence which we know life possesses, in its "patterning both beautiful and dread."

This exhibition was preceded by one of Modern Mexican Art held at the Philadelphia Museum, and assembled by Mr. Henry Clifford. It was, perhaps, a result of Mr. Clifford's well known devotion to the cause of art in the Catholic Church that this Mexican exhibition contained a number of paintings of religious subjects. The sincerity of these were impressive, and that they were fresh, unhackneyed evocations scarcely needs to be emphasized. Three of these paintings are published in the current issue of that fine quarterly, *Liturgical Arts*, and they show the dominant Latin-American characteristics of intuitively felt, formalized design. In the Orozco painting, *Golgotha*, this is allied with an objective, non-theatrical type of dramatic intensity usual to this painter.

In this there is matter of particular interest, for there is every hope for the development of a living religious art in the regions south of the Rio Grande. The natural qualities of the secular-type art, as well as the religious and cultural cohesiveness of the mass of the people, gives a basis for this hope.

BARRY BYRNE

Interesting Books On The Missions

THE YELLOW RIVER RUNS RED

A Story of Modern Chinese Martyrs

By the **REV. P. X. MERTENS, S.J.**

Translated by **Beryl Pearson**

--- \$1.75 ---

The story is more gripping than fiction could possibly be, and the narrative introduces much actual conversion. —*Our Sunday Visitor*

TEN DECADES OF ALMS

By

THEODORE ROEMER, O.F.M.Cap., Ph.D.

--- \$2.75 ---

An appreciation of the momentous assistance three European mission-aid societies gave the Church in America from 1822-1922.

—*The Catholic Digest*

KWANGSI

LAND OF THE
BLACK BANNERS

By the **REV. JOSEPH CUENOT**

Translated by the **Rev. George F. Wiseman**

--- \$2.75 ---

... Kwangsi is strongly recommended—a "must" among literature dealing with historical events of great importance. —*The Cantonian*

B. Herder Book Co.

15 and 17 South Broadway (2)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

THEATRE

College of Mount Saint Vincent

Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, N. Y.

Conducted by the Sisters of Charity

OFFERS A.B. AND B.S. DEGREES
TEACHER AND SECRETARIAL TRAINING

Approved by the Association of American Universities
NINETY-SIX ACRES TWELVE MILES FROM
BORDERING GRAND CENTRAL STATION
HUDSON RIVER NEW YORK CITY

WRITE FOR BULLETIN A

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE

WHITE PLAINS, Westchester County, NEW YORK

Conducted by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion

FULLY ACCREDITED Standard Courses in Arts and

Science, pre-medical, journalism, teacher training,
secretarial studies, library, science, fine arts.

Unusually beautiful location. Extensive campus.
Forty minutes from New York.

College of New Rochelle

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Conducted by the Ursuline Nuns

Offering A.B. and B.S. degrees

Accredited by the Association of American Universities

WESTCHESTER COUNTY

Sixteen miles from Grand Central Station, New York

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON

NEW YORK
Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary. Accredited. Liberal Arts. Confers B.A., B.S. degrees. National Defense Program. Pre-Medical. Secretarial. Home Economics. Art. Music. Pedagogy. Journalism. Dramatic. Directed field trips in all depts. Athletics. Special two-year course. EXTENSIONS: 1027 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.; Paris and Rome. Address Secretary. MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS: Wilcox Park, Tarrytown, N. Y. Fifth Avenue and 84th Street, New York City. Address: Reverend Mother.

College of St. Elizabeth

A Catholic College for Women on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. Campus of 400 acres. Modern residence halls. Regular art courses, pre-medical, secretarial, teacher-training, music, home economics, science.

Degrees—B.A., B.S. in Commerce and B.S. in Home Economics.
For Catalogue, address the Dean, Convent Station, New Jersey

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland

An Accredited Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Exceptional Advantages.
FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS THE REGISTRAR

ROSEMONT COLLEGE, ROSEMONT, PENNSYLVANIA

Catholic College for the Higher Education of Women. Conducted by Religious of the Holy Child Jesus. Incorporated under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts and Sciences. Resident and non-resident students. 11 miles from Philadelphia Main Line P.R.R. Fully Accredited. Telephone: Bryn Mawr 14.
ADDRESS: The REGISTRAR

Mt. St. Mary-on-the-Hudson, Newburgh, N. Y.

OFFERS YOUR DAUGHTER—1. Preparation for college and life in an atmosphere healthful, distinctive, Catholic. 2. Choice of four courses: College Entrance, Academic, Art, Music. 3. Intellectual Standard: Accredited by the University of the State of New York and the Middle States Association. 4. Modern fireproof buildings. 5. Sixty-eight acre campus overlooking the Hudson. 6. Athletic field and new gymnasium. 7. Special classes in Piano, Harp, Painting, Pottery, Drawing.

THE CASA SAN JOSE offers your daughter (Kindergarten and Grades 1-8). 1. Small classes. 2. Individual instruction. 3. Art, French, Music. 4. Physical Education. 5. Homelike atmosphere.

Send for Prospectus—Sisters of St. Dominic—Tel. Newburg 800

THREE'S A FAMILY. John Golden is the sort of producer who doesn't put on a play unless he has faith in it, and who, when he does produce it, makes a good fight for the play if it needs plenty of time in order to catch on.

He is showing this again in *Three's a Family*, his farce comedy at the Longacre, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron and staged by Mr. Ephron against a single setting by Stewart Chaney. There are two other producers, John Pollock and Max Siegel, but their names are on the program in such small print that we need not bother our minds about them.

Let it be said at once that there are three characters in the light comedy-farce so well written and so perfectly acted that they may save the play if it needs saving—which at this writing seems probable. The first and by far the best of the three is a broken-down old doctor, who is bringing one of the comedy's three babies into the world in the room next to the stage sitting-room the audience is facing.

In this role William Wadsworth has taken a small part many good actors might have refused and has made it the outstanding feature of the play. He has done this so quietly, so efficiently, and with such irresistible appeal that his work alone should keep the play on the stage. No lover of good acting should miss it. It is long since we have seen a minor role brought to such life that it vitalizes an entire play.

In addition to this, we have fine acting by almost every member of the cast and notably by Ethel Owen as the spinster sister of the comedy, Gee Gee James as the giggling African maid who likes whiskey and long-distance telephone calls, and Doro Merande, over whose work most of us have chortled for years.

Much of the talk in the play is about babies, and we are privileged to observe the doddering old doctor as he totters around the living-room in his nearsighted quest for things he needs during the delivery going on in the next room. All we get of this final episode are the squawks of the baby when it arrives, but they are enough.

Theoretically there ought not to be much comedy in that situation; but a number of women in the audience laugh themselves into semi-hysteria over it. The question which occurs to the thoughtful mind—meaning my own, which was the only one in the Longacre that seemed concerned with it—is whether a good play can be built on, in, and around childbirth. There is almost too much obstetrics from first to last in *Three's a Family*; but when it becomes too pervasive we can always wait for Mr. Wadsworth or Miss Owen or Gee Gee to appear, and we never have to wait long before their freshness brings relief.

The play itself is as clean as a whistle. There are no vulgarities. Miss Owen, who is relegated to a bed in the living-room when the babies begin to arrive, is, so far as I can discover, one of the few feminine members of the cast who is not expecting one. With that little matter off her mind, she is able to give us a very amusing performance, and she does it. Ruth Weston and Robert Burton, excellent players in other roles, are the grandparents of the first baby. They haven't much to do but look worried, but they make a big success of that.

The acting opportunities of *Three's a Family*, such as they are, were given almost exclusively by the author to Mr. Wadsworth, Miss Owen and Gee Gee. Some day these three should have a play written for themselves by an aspiring playwright. When it comes, if one may hazard a forthright suggestion, it ought to be a play without too many babies!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

BOMBARDIER. These days a cinemagoer is fed a concentrated diet of war pictures whether he wants them or not. Among the screen's more pretentious offerings there is little else, with only the horse-opera lover continuing to be allowed to satisfy that taste in filmfare. Setting out to prove that high-altitude precision bombing is more effective as well as safer than dive bombing, this chronicle woven around a group of bombardiers does a dramatic and sometimes convincing job. As long as the tale sticks to the men's training and flying, it is bound to interest and enlighten an audience, though during the romantic side-excursions, boredom may intrude. Most of the production, however, is concerned with the technical and practical experiences of bombardiers in the making. The human side of these candidates is depicted, and their characters are appealingly analyzed. In a horrific finale, one that seems obviously an afterthought—because of the revelation of the treatment of the Doolittle flyers—the picture shows a raid over Japan and the merciless cruelty of the enemy to those aviators who are forced down. Pat O'Brien, Randolph Scott and Ann Shirley share laurels at the head of a competent cast. Director Richard Wallace has intelligently emphasized the service angles and soft-pedaled the stock romantic interludes. Here is a worthwhile and moderately entertaining session with the Army's bombardiers for all the family. (RKO)

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. Tribute is paid to the bravery and daring of the Merchant Marine and Navy gun-crews in a tale that borrows from fact rather than fiction. This saga of seamen who face the hazards of the North Atlantic first on a tanker, then on a Liberty ship, one of a convoy bound for Murmansk, is supercharged with thrills and tense moments, all the more electrifying because they are duplicates of true stories that find their way almost daily into the news. Raymond Massey is the Captain, and Humphrey Bogart the First Mate who use their ship as a decoy to lure the Nazi wolf-pack away from the convoy after a deadly attack. It is a successful ruse, but the voyage is a death-defying progress, with submarines and planes battering at the target. Listing and battle-scarred, the victorious freighter limps into port to guarantee the happy ending. While much of the feature merits praise, it is too loosely knit and overlong. Bits of romantic drama have been intertwined, but they are pale and inconsequential against the vivid, exciting deeds of the merchant seamen. *Adults* will find a definite amount of spectacle and much topical interest in this salute to brave men of the sea. (Warner)

IT'S A GREAT LIFE. The Bumsteads are in trouble again when Blondie's dizzy husband misunderstands his boss and buys a horse instead of a house. As usual, after innumerable complications, the mix-up is solved to satisfy the Blondie fans. This *family* feature is about average entertainment for the series. (Columbia)

BATAAN. The story of Bataan was written in tragedy and blood, so only the captious would question the excessive grimness of this offering. Sticking to the terrible basic facts of those awful days that are etched deep into the pages of history, a story has been created about thirteen gallant men who are left on the peninsula to cover up the evacuation of our troops and who actually hold their position against the advancing Japs to the last man. Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell and George Murphy give some of the excellent portrayals in this piece of unyielding realism. Those *mature* cinemagoers who can digest an unadulterated dose of bloody and unrelieved warfare should put this on their film list. (MGM)

MARY SHERIDAN

SELECTED—APPROVED —CATHOLIC—CAMPS

TEGAWITHA

Catholic Camp for Girls

On the sunny top of the Poconos. 500 acres on private lake, 3 hours from N. Y. and Phila. Superbly equipped. Riding, golf, swimming, sailing, canoeing, aquaplaning, archery, hockey, tennis, dancing, dramatics, Junior Camp. Private chapel on grounds. 25th year. Catalog.

Miss Mary A. Lynch

390 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.
(After June 1st, Mount Pocono, Pa.)



CAMP NOTRE DAME

LAKE SPOFFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

In the Foothills of the White Mountains

TEN WEEKS — FOR BOYS 6 TO 16 YEARS

Massive Dining and Recreation Halls Completed in 1941

RESIDENT CHAPLAIN, PHYSICIAN, NURSE

Rates: \$175 per Season. \$20 per Week

FREE Round-Trip Transportation Between N. Y. City and Camp

A Camp Like Notre Dame Is Almost a
Necessity for Your Boy in These Times

Address Inquiries to

JOHN E. CULLUM, Director

STATE-CAPITOL BUILDING, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

Phone: UNion 3-3840

Superior Catholic Camps

RIP VAN WINKLE FOR BOYS ON-TI-ORA FOR GIRLS

Separate Camps. Northern Catskills, 100 miles from New York City. Swimming, canoeing, field sports, tennis, riding, handicrafts, farming. Modern equipment. Competent staff. Resident Chaplain.

A. M. COWHEY, Director Rip Van Winkle } 730 Riverside Drive
JOSEPHINE COWHEY, Director On-Ti-Or } New York, N. Y.

CAMP MARIA SUMMER CAMP FOR GIRLS. June 26-Aug. 14

On Breton Bay, 60 Miles from Washington, D. C.
Swimming, Rowing, Riding, Crafts, Dramatics, Etc.

WRITE: SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

HOLY BIBLE DOUAY — RHEIMS CHALLONER VERSION

1,300 pages. 14 colored maps. Family record.

\$2.50 to \$11.00. Send for circular AB343.

33 Barclay St. C. WILDERMANN CO. New York, N. Y.
THE DOUAY BIBLE HOUSE

SO YOU'RE MOVING?

We'd like to know about it, please. Will you send us:

1—Your Old Address - - 2—Your New Address

NEWS ISN'T NEWS IF IT'S STALE!

Ensure receiving your copies of AMERICA
promptly by notifying us of a change in address.
Send your old address and the new one, too, please.

CORRESPONDENCE

SPIRITUAL WEAPONS FOR VICTORY

EDITOR: Anent your *Lament From Fulda* (AMERICA, May 22, 1943), remember we are fighting the Axis, not for reasons protested by the German Hierarchy—else how could we be allied with the Soviet Government—but to resist political and economic aggression. Somehow or other, the Catholics under the Axis have been deluded into a justification of Hitler's war effort, as apart from his pagan philosophy. For those who take seriously the Gospel guarantee of the power of prayer and penance, it is not beyond the efficacy of these spiritual exercises to win for our Axis brethren the light to see that ungodly alliance as we view it, and the fortitude to prefer martyrdom rather than give further cooperation to the Nazi Blitzkrieg.

Already, as you observe, "Neither constant danger nor actual physical violence has sufficed to silence the German Hierarchy." If we show as much enthusiasm for the spiritual weapons of penance and prayer as we do for block-busters, surely the Axis will crumble from within much more quickly than the worldly-wise would have us believe. As Pius XI stated in *Divini Redemptoris*: "The evil which today torments humanity can be conquered only by a world-wide holy crusade of prayer and penance"—to Him "Who makes the minds of the Faithful to be of one accord."

New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH McNULTY

PRAISE FOR ROCHDALE

EDITOR: I was so delighted with Virginia Carlson's *More Room with Rochdale*, in the May 8 issue of AMERICA, that I felt I should express my appreciation.

The subject discussed by Mrs. Carlson is timely, and of much interest to a great many people—especially the younger set. I hope she will continue to discuss the matter further in future issues of AMERICA.

St. Paul, Minn.

G. S. CONNOR

GRANDMOTHER HAD BIG EYES

EDITOR: "I refer to the kind of grandmother I remember, and you, too, remember, if you are my age." (Marie Duff, AMERICA, May 29, 1943.)

Mrs. Duff, being a lady, does not, of course, give her age. Neither do I—though I suspect the vintage is about the same. I do not, however, remember that kind of grandmother. My own grandmother wore no black pure wool shawl. It would have trailed when she worked and, being a female of vigorous personality, when she went out—well, shawls were for the senile, and all black for funerals.

My grandfather served in the Civil War, leaving my grandmother with a farm and four small children. She ran the farm, and she raised the children. Later she had two more children. She taught them to bake their own cookies for their own children—although there were cider and cakes for us when we dropped around. She was typical of many pioneer women.

There were, of course, grandmothers of the kind whose passing Mrs. Duff bewails, as well as the sterner stuff I encountered. But the self-effacing kind may have come to the conclusion that this loving service had been carried too far. Certainly the descendants of both types have not distinguished themselves in the way of carrying on the early tradition of self-reliance. Perhaps grandmother decided that her descendants have much to relearn—the hard way. Perhaps, too, grandmother is in-

telligent enough to see that her scope of service has widened, and that now millions of young men and women, not related by blood, need her services. What if she is disciplined? Isn't the nun disciplined? And aren't many nuns serving in fields we had never dreamed of—in engineering work, in the chemical laboratories, on the aviation fields?

If Mrs. Duff means that the modern American woman (and man, incidentally) seems afraid of maturity, I agree with her. But the value of maturity—how to be your age and like it—is something that has to be learned, too—the hard way.

New York, N. Y.

B. BETTINGER

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION

EDITOR: May I add a few words to supplement the excellent article of Father Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J., in AMERICA, May 8, entitled *Alcohol and Hair-shirts*. I believe that these indisputable facts will throw greater light upon the subject.

Those to whom the work of examining statistics from year to year is not too arduous will discover that the per-capita consumption of hard liquor increased in this country virtually every year from the early days down to the coming of Mr. Volstead. In 1920 the liquor-cure institutions in the nation reached their peak, numbering over 300. Then came the Prohibition period. In 1930 the number had fallen to twenty-four, and only eight of these were then doing any kind of business; the other sixteen were defunct but were hanging on hoping for repeal. May we not therefore draw the conclusion that a comparatively brief period of Prohibition had virtually wiped out the nation's drunkenness?

But those who knocked at the doors of Mr. Keeley for the "cure" were largely the moneyed class. How about the poor fellow?

Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army, says that at the headquarters in New York they had a corps of trained stretcher workers whose duty it was to carry in the "drunks" found in hallways, byways and gutters, and that scores were rescued every night—that is, up to the "Roaring Twenties," when it commenced to fall off. And in the matter of just a few years the practice was discontinued and the stretchers hung up. The poor man, too, had quit getting intoxicated.

Repeal came. The liquor-cure institutions are booming again. Any words describing the present-day conditions of intoxication of men, women and children would be superfluous.

Hollywood, Calif.

PAUL CASSERLY

CONSUMERS' PUNCH COMING?

EDITOR: I have just finished reading Father Masse's article, *The Consumer Packs a Punch* (AMERICA, May 15, 1943), and it strikes me as being a good idea, a splendid idea. But after reflecting on it for a few moments with great satisfaction and approval, that disturbing question came floating into my mind, "What will become of this grand idea? Will it receive the gracious nod of assent from the relatively few readers of AMERICA and then be buried in the already-too-crowded tomb of 'good ideas'? Will it die in the weedy field of speculation?"

Well, it would if I were the parent of the idea, but I hope you are a man of action, and all I wish to do is to send you my humble approval and my few, perhaps useless, suggestions.

I agree that the only efficient machinery for such a job is an organization like the Legion of Decency. But

it seems to me that the first step would be to stir up public opinion, public Catholic opinion, or better still, public Christian opinion. Before a real leader will gamble on starting such an organization and before the experts you mentioned will offer their services to such an organization, they want some assurance that it will work, that the public will respond and cooperate. It seems to me that if the public is awakened to the possibilities of your scheme, they would not only want but would demand such an organization.

How stir up public opinion? Undoubtedly you have better ideas about this than I have. But would it be presumptuous for me to make a few suggestions?

How about AMERICA taking upon itself the job of distributing that article of yours throughout the whole country by means of teachers of economics, schools, colleges, Chaplains, student-advisers, pastors, churches, study clubs, diocesan papers or what-have-you? If this is too general and too extensive, how about sending a copy of the article—even if only a mimeographed copy—to all the Bishops, asking them what they think of the idea, asking them for their suggestions, and whether or not they would back up such an enterprise? In other words, sell the idea—and the necessary cooperation and financial backing will be forthcoming.

If my ideas are too idealistic, theoretic, or otherwise useless, bury them in Potter's Field and forget about them. But don't forget about your own idea.

Spokane, Wash.

WM. M. WELLER, S.J.

EDITOR: *The Consumer Packs A Punch* started me thinking of the power for social justice the Catholic people hold in their hands, and such an organization as you mention would be a tremendous step forward.

Not only from a moral viewpoint, but also from an economic one, I, as a housewife, know that the brands of food, many of which are so crudely advertised, are much higher in cost than the unadvertised ones. Such an organization might also help to eliminate many of the black markets.

Catholic wives and mothers need such a guiding spirit as this to make them social-justice-minded. It would aid them.

If such a movement were started, I would gladly devote some of my time to it.

New York, N. Y.

ANN MULLANE

CATHOLICS AND WORLD ORDER

EDITOR: The concluding paragraph of the letter of J. H. O'Hara (May 8) is not a complimentary reflection on the preaching and teaching of us Catholic priests. Mr. J. H. O'Hara states: "... while American Catholics may be resigned to our entry into another League of Nations ... we have no reason to be happy over this renewed triumph of secularism."

Does not the Papal Peace Plan call for a League of Nations and a World Court? Was not a League of Nations advocated by Benedict XV in the diplomatic note of August 1, 1917, and by the same Pope in the letter *Pacem Dei Munus*? The list could be continued; but these are the concluding words of the *Code of International Ethics* published by the International (Catholic) Union of Social Studies: "But neither the defects of the institution (the present League) nor the failure of those responsible entitles Catholics to condemn the principle of the League of Nations, since it belongs to the Christian tradition, was embodied in the Christendom of the Middle Ages, and has been invoked in memorable circumstances by the Holy See."

Victoria, Kansas

NEAL R. MAHAFFEY

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

SIENA HEIGHTS

COLLEGE

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Fully Accredited Conducted by Sisters of St. Dominic
Bachelor Degrees in Arts, Science, Philosophy, Music,
Home Economics, Commercial Education; Teacher Training,
Dramatics, Pre-Legal and Pre-Medical Courses.
Two-Year Terminal Course in Secretarial Work.
Exceptional Opportunities in Art.

Beautiful Buildings Interesting Campus Life
For further information Address the Dean

ON ADJACENT CAMPUS

St. Joseph Academy offers exceptional advantages
for girls in high school and the grades.

INCORPORATED IN 1897

TRINITY COLLEGE WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Institution for the Higher Education of Women

Conducted by The Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
For Particulars Address the Secretary of the College

COLLEGE MISERICORDIA, DALLAS, PENNSYLVANIA

10 Miles from Wilkes-Barre Catholic *Accredited

RESIDENTIAL AND DAY

Degrees in Liberal Arts, Science, Music, from London, England
Pre-Law; Pre-Medical

100-acre country campus, metropolitan advantages

SELF-EDUCATION STRESSED

*DISTINCTIVE

ADDRESS REGISTRAR

Regis College, Weston, Massachusetts

Conducted by Sisters of St. Joseph - Offering A.B. and B.S. degrees

Standard Pre-Professional Courses for preparation for
Teacher - Training, for Secretarial Science, for Home
Economics, for Social Service and Pre-Medical are offered.

For Catalogue, Address The Registrar.

BRESCIA COLLEGE

Formerly known as
URSULINE COLLEGE

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

AFFILIATED WITH THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA

Courses Leading to Degrees in Arts, Sciences and Philosophy. Teachers
Certificates. Commercial and Secretarial Training.

For further information, address Office of the Dean, 2635 State St., New Orleans, La.

COLLEGE OF SAINT TERESA

WINONA, MINNESOTA

For the Higher Education of Catholic Women

Holds membership in the North Central Association of Colleges.
Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Registered
for Teacher's License by New York Board of Regents. Degrees of
Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Science in Nursing.
A standardizing Conservatory of Music is maintained in connection
with the College. Picturesquely located on the upper Mississippi.
One hundred acre campus. Served by the "Zephyr", "Hiawatha",
"The 400". ONLY FIVE HOURS RIDE FROM CHICAGO.

COLLEGE OF CHESTNUT HILL

CHESTNUT HILL
PENNSYLVANIA

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph

Accredited. Students prepared for graduate, medical and law schools,
for high school teaching, and secretarial service. Gymnasium,
swimming-pool, and extensive fields for outside sports.
Prospective students should make early application.

IMMACULATA COLLEGE

IMMACULATA
PENNSYLVANIA


Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary

Fully Accredited; Degrees: Arts, Sciences, Pre-medical, Secretarial,
Music, Vocational Home Economics, High School Teacher Certificates,
swimming pool, lake, campus 327 acres, athletics, riding, sports.

View-book on request. 40 minutes from Philadelphia.

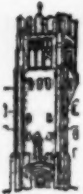
Phone: Malvern 2201. Cable: Marmimac.

SAINT JOHN'S
PREPARATORY SCHOOL • EST. 1907 •



Conducted by the
Brothers of St. Francis Xavier (Xaverian Brothers)
Junior High School (7-9 Grades)
Senior High School (10-12 Grades)
POSTGRADUATE COURSES
Aeronautics Course—Victory Corps—Physical Fitness
Approved by the New England College Entrance Certificate Board
For catalogue, write Headmaster, Box 247
DANVERS • MASSACHUSETTS

SAINT MARY'S, NOTRE DAME



Fully accredited liberal
arts college for women

Confers B.A., B.S., and B.M. degrees. Cultural
and vocational courses. Art, commerce, educa-
tion, home economics, journalism, music, nurs-
ing, social sciences, speech. All sports, including
riding, archery, tennis. Spacious 50-acre campus. Under
direction of Sisters of the Holy Cross. Catalogue.

Best L. SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,
NOTRE DAME, HOLY CROSS, IND.
RAILROAD STATION, SOUTH BEND, IND.

St. Elizabeth Hospital School of Nursing
COVINGTON, KENTUCKY, Accredited School
conducted by the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis.
Four Years High School required. Loan Scholarships.
For information address: Superintendent of Nurses.

NEW TESTAMENT
ORIGINAL RHEIMS-CHALLONER VERSION
NEW 1942 EDITION WITH
imprimatur of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, S.T.D.
TYPE "A JOY FOR MIDDLE AGE EYES" FROM
preface by Reverend Robert L. Gannon, S.J.
SIZE 3 1/4 x 5 1/2. 600 PAGES. GENUINE LEATHER. **\$4.00**
BINDING, VERY FLEXIBLE, GOLD EDGES.
At all Catholic Book Stores. Write for Circular AT43.
33 Barclay St. C. WILDERMANN CO. New York, N. Y.
THE DOUAY BIBLE HOUSE

**RARE BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS, AMERICANA
PRINTS & AUTOGRAPHS**
Bought and Sold - Catalogues Issued
Catholic History and Theology Wanted
Goodspeed's Book Shop, Inc., 18 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

The GEMS OF PRAYER
Pocket Size. 464 pages. Large, clear type. Leather, \$2.
A PRAYER BOOK of devotional exercises for the Catholic laity
to which has been added the new translations of the EPISTLES
and GOSPELS taken from the REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.
At all Catholic Book Stores. Write for catalogue AG 342
33 Barclay St. C. WILDERMANN CO. New York, N. Y.

**ORBIS
VIVUS**
Latin for 7-year-olds

First book in 400 years adapted
to the child's age, needs and
affections. Non-Latined and
non-progressive parents get ex-
cellent results. Postpaid, \$1.25.
Institute of Domestic Educa-
tion, Minerva, N. Y. In-the-
Adirondacks.

PARADE

(BILL and Louie, taxi drivers, sitting in their cabs). . . .

Bill: Louie, you been a-feelin' blue. What's eatin' you?
Louie: I gotta lotta trouble lately, Bill. Seems like noth-
in' but.

Bill: I don't hear of this. Spill it. Maybe, I can give a
hand.

Louie: Well, it's the wife. She's started contradictin' me
again. She laid off this here contradictin' for a while, an'
now she's started up all over again. If I say this here's
white, she says it ain't white, it's black. Once, twice,
three times, I don't mind. But ten, twenty, thirty times
a day. It gets me.

Bill: She don't mean nothin' by it. She's just naturally
a contradictin' woman, that's all. Other guys got women
worse than contradictin' women. Some guys got hellcat
women. How'd you like that?

Louie: I know she don't mean nothin' by it. But it makes
me mighty blue. I ain't never felt bluer than I'm feelin'
now.

Bill: Think of somethin' cheerful, Louie. Turn your mind
off that blue stuff. (Tony, owner of a nearby store,
passes by.)

Bill: Hello, Tony. (To Louie) It'll do you good to listen
to Tony. He's always cheerful. (Tony steps up, leans on
cab window). . . .

Tony: Hello, Bill. Hello, Louie.

Bill: How's things goin', Tony?

Tony: I'm comin' from the funeral parlor. My kid
nephew steps out to mail a letter, an' what happens?
A truck hits that poor kid, that's what happens.

Bill: Tough, Tony. Say, Tony, was you at the ball game
today?

Tony: I go to ball games? What a laugh. Does any guy
what owns a meat and grocery store go to ball games?
One day, I got no meat. Another day, I got no groceries.
I'll tell you what I do—I'll trade my store for your cab,
an' then I'll go to ball games. (Tony moves on). . . .

Bill: He's just off the beam today. Too bad I called him
over.

Louie: Hello, Sam. (A tall, thin man with a noticeable
limp approaches cab). . . .

Sam: Hello, boys.

Louie: How's tricks?

Sam: Couldn't be worse, boys, couldn't be worse. I think
I'm bad off with this here trick knee. An' now the trick
knee ain't all I got. Now what is it I got? I got stomach
ulcers.

Bill: (Tries to think up some way of shifting Sam to
more cheerful subject): Was you at the ball game to-
day, Sam?

Sam: I ain't seen a game since I got these here ulcers,
Bill. Also, boys, my wife's uncle fell down the stairs
yesterday, and I been spendin' the day with him. My
wife's been under the weather, an' she couldn't go. (Sam
limps off.)

Bill: (changing his strategy): You see, Louie, other
guys got worse trouble than you.

Louie: Well, maybe. I dunno.

Bill: Me, I'd rather have a contradictin' wife than a
gimp knee and stomach ulcers.

Louie: You ain't got a contradictin' wife, Bill.

Bill: I remember a story a priest tells me once. There's
a guy what was grumblin' about the cross he has in life.
So the Lord appears to him and says: "OK. I'll show
you the crosses other people got, and you take your
pick." So the Lord shows him a lot of crosses other
guys got. An' how does it end up? The guy says: "I
think I'll keep the cross I got." He sorta thought he was
doin' pretty good, after all.

Louie: I dunno.

Bill: We all got somethin' itchin' us, Louie. We just got
to learn how to take it.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

Academy Mount Saint Vincent

Founded 1847 — Chartered by the Regents

A country school for girls twelve to eighteen years. Intensive College Preparatory and General Courses, Art, Music, Dramatics.

Organized Athletics All sports in season

AFTER SEPTEMBER 1st

address
ACADEMY MOUNT SAINT VINCENT
TUXEDO PARK, N. Y.

Georgetown Visitation Convent WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fully Accredited
Junior College and High School
for Girls with National Patronage

... 144TH YEAR ...
ADDRESS HEAD MISTRESS

College Preparatory and
General Courses, Junior
College, Secretarial and
Medical Secretary
Courses, Boarding and
Day. Sports, Advantage
of Country Life in the
National Capitol.

Academy of St. Joseph

IN-THE-PINES
BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND
NEW YORK

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS

Address: Directress

School Departments
Elementary and High

Affiliated with the
State University

Complete Courses in
Art, Vocal and Instru-
mental Music, Com-
mercial Subjects; Exten-
sive Grounds; Athletics;
Horseback Riding; Out-
door Skating Rink.

NOTICES Rates Six Cents per Word

Payment with Order

BOOKS: Used, Old, Rare. For Librarians, Collectors, Readers. Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced. Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited. Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased. Dauber & Pine Bookshop, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JESUIT HOME MISSION—My remembrance at the Altar and thanks to the kind friends who have helped these past six months. Rev. John A. Risacher, S.J., Holy Cross Mission, Durham, N. C.

STEAMBOAT RIVER CRUISES—Glorious days through the heart of America on inland waters. April to October. Write Farley Travel Agency, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TEACHER—Ph.D. candidate, 9 years experience teaching classical languages and English, desires college position. Address: America, 70 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. No longer out of print. To meet many requests the seventeen volumes have been reprinted from the original plates including the 1922 supplement. Bound in black cloth with gilt lettering. Price \$85.00 plus carriage charges. The Gilmary Society, 404 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

DESK SPACE for rent in established office. Private, quiet. Person engaged in Catholic activity preferred. Write—Room 513, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

TEACHER—M.A.—13 years' experience teaching English, desires College position. Creative Writing. Address: English, America, 70 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT ATTRACTIVE PRICE. Long established business. Stations of the Cross, Statuary, exceptionally fine models. Principals only. Address: OPPORTUNITY, America, 70 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

TAILOR. Your Clerical Tailor. H. De Mattei, 53 Park Place, Room 801, New York, N. Y. (Formerly with John F. McAvoy, Inc.) Clerical Robes, Cassocks, Monsignori Outfits, Sisters Cloaks and Mantles.

WHY not write that story, article, novel, that has been in your mind to write? We will help you, give you benefit of our years of experience, criticism, rewrite, "slanting" for the right market, and sell. Mr. Fiske is a former editorial writer on large city daily, feature writer, editor of accepted fiction, contributor to Catholic magazines, author of nationally used textbooks. SEND US YOU MMS. Write or 'phone for information. Reasonable rates. Collaboration—ghost writing—every assistance to the ambitious writer. Typing. PERSONAL LITERARY SERVICE, A. Longfellow Fiske, Director, Marbury Hall, 164 W. 74th Street, New York. Phone ENdicott 2-6852.

"SERVICEABLE"

Seldom is an adjective so descriptively accurate.
Seldom is a book so successfully brief.

HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS

A series of fifty meditations, each less than two pages, comprise this book of many uses.

Recommended for laymen as stimulating and practical in application.

Recommended for religious as rich in reflection.

Recommended for retreatants as superior reading. It follows the course of a retreat according to St. Ignatius. Valuable for meditation.

Recommended for servicemen as direct, pointed help in their present life. Especially for those who seek "supernatural motivation for the sacrifices demanded of them".

By

ROBERT F. GREWEN, S.J.

\$1.50

TRUTH and BEAUTY

... united in exquisite prayerfulness ...

From the many and imperishable works of Cardinal Newman, Father O'Connell — a famous Newman scholar — has arranged two books of prayer.

HEART TO HEART

A new kind of prayer book with suggested Daily Devotions, Prayers for Mass and Communion and Visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Beautifully bound and designed, with contents arranged according to the Ecclesiastical Season of the year.

\$2.00

KINDLY LIGHT

A companion volume to Heart to Heart, taken principally from Newman's Parochial and Plain Sermons. Contains suggestions for Daily Devotions according to Ecclesiastical Season and an Index of Titles.

\$2.50

Edited by DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

Order from your bookdealer
or directly from

THE AMERICA PRESS

70 East 45th Street • New York, 17, N. Y.

JULY 19-29

: :

AUGUST 10-20

THE MIRACULOUS SHRINES OF NORTH AMERICA

Twentieth Annual Pilgrimage

Spiritual Director

MOST REV. FRANCIS J. L. BECKMAN, S.T.D. ARCHBISHOP OF DUBUQUE, IOWA

Two pilgrimages will be organized this summer, the first in July, the second in August. The Shrines to be visited are the following:

Auriesville, N. Y.

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

(For Eastern Group)

Midland, Ontario

THE NORTH AMERICAN MARTYRS

(For Western Group)

Montreal, Quebec

ORATORY OF SAINT JOSEPH

Caughnewaga, Quebec

VILLAGE OF KATERI TEKAKWITHA

Three Rivers, Quebec

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec

THE SHRINE OF SAINTE ANNE

The Pilgrimages will be conducted by and for *The Confraternity of Pilgrims* (formerly *The Pilgrim Society*), a non-profit religious organization existing for the purpose of spreading the fame of our miraculous Shrines and their heroes, of offering opportunity to those wishing to visit these Shrines, and of assisting those seeking spiritual and corporal aid at these Shrines of hope and peace.

A Descriptive Folder Will Be Sent on Request

THE CONFRATERNITY OF PILGRIMS

4817 CHICAGO AVENUE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

May We Present . . .

AMERICA

What spark in a casual introduction causes it to flourish into a lasting friendship? Understanding? Mutual interests? Common ideals? Sincerity? Intelligence?

AMERICA offers this and more in its weekly review of the news. Introduce AMERICA to *your* friends. They, too, will find AMERICA a valued friend. To facilitate this introduction, we are making a

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

3 Months for only \$1.00!

Take advantage of this offer now . . . send in the blank below with your dollar to

70 East 45th Street

The AMERICA Press

New York 17, N. Y.

Please present AMERICA to

Introduction made by

NAME

NAME

NAME

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE

CITY, STATE

CITY, STATE

